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BOSTON UNIVERSITY

Graduate School

Thesis

Backgrounds of Recent American Poetry

1870--1912

Submitted by

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(A. B. Degree--Bates College, 1911)

In partial fulfilment of requirements for
the degree of Master of Arts

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BACKGROUNDS OF RECENT AMERICAN POETRY

1870--1912

OUTLINE

	Page
I Introduction	1
II Whitman, the Great Original	3
III Local-color Realists	15
IV Whitman's Followers In Free Metric	21
V Whitman's Conventional Contemporaries	39
VI The Second Generation After Whitman	52
VII Summary	96

RECORDS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

1870-1871

CONTENTS

Page

I	Introduction	1
II	Witnesses, the Great Britain	11
III	Witnesses, the Great Britain	111
IV	Witnesses, the Great Britain	111
V	Witnesses, the Great Britain	111
VI	Witnesses, the Great Britain	111
VII	Witnesses, the Great Britain	111

and these pages

BACKGROUNDS OF RECENT AMERICAN POETRY

1870--1912

INTRODUCTION

As one surveys the stream of American poetry from around 1870 to what is termed the poetic renaissance of 1912 one is impressed by the considerable body of competent verse which adheres rather closely to the conventional patterns, and one is forced to conclude that the romantic friendliness of most of the critics of the recent renaissance has prejudiced readers unduly against the writings of years immediately preceeding it.⁽¹⁾ This criticism has praised originality at the expense of excellence. It has preferred exuberance and audacity above precision and balance, and it has made the unfortunate error of ignoring writers who were not to its taste and of overpraising those poets whom it happened to enjoy. Much of this criticism under the influence of Tolstoy's What is Art has assumed that the greatest poetry concerned itself with social problems, and as corollary to this that poetry not dealing with social problems was

(1) Weirick, *From Whitman to Sandburg*, pp. 3-9, 100-101.

Untermeyer, *American Poetry since 1900*, pp. 3-11

Wood, *Poets of America*, Chap. VII.

Sinclair, *Money Writes*, Chap. XXX. Newspaper reviewing was particularly absurd.

1870-1912

INTRODUCTION

As one surveys the stream of American poetry from around 1870 to what is termed the poetic renaissance of 1912 one is impressed by the remarkable body of constant verse which adheres rather closely to the conventional patterns. One is forced to conclude that the conservative traditionalism of most of the critics of the recent renaissance has precluded them from really appraising the writings of poets immediately preceding it. This criticism has arisen originally at the expense of excellence. It has preferred exotericism and quantity to these precision and values, and it has made too much of the error of ignoring writers who were not to the point and of overlooking those poets whom it happened to annoy. Much of this criticism under the influence of 1912's What is Art was assumed that the greatest poetry occurred itself with poetic problems, and as a result so late that poetry not dealing with social problems was

(1) Merrick, from What is Art, pp. 2-3, 100-101.

University, American Poetry since 1900, pp. 2-11

Book, What is Art, Chap. VII.

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therefore unimportant. Perhaps because of the influence of Whitman who wrote for a wide audience of the common people he never gained and who believed that poetry should be popular, recent romantic critics have forgotten to preserve those difficult poets whose appeal was to the intellect. A survey of the writing of these last years of the nineteenth century which does not ignore either the original who sought a new method or the craftsman who perfected the old familiar device will show a strong current of traditional writing of a high order modified more slightly than we had assumed by the originals and the eccentrics.

American poetry attained its first distinction in the writings of the eastern poets of the middle of the last century: Poe, Lanier, Boker, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson. Their work is a part of the great wave of romanticism which was at its crest in the English poetry of the first quarter of the century, which ran thinly up the sands in the English and American poetry of the mid-century, and ended in the purple and mauve froth of the late nineties and early nineteen hundreds. Poe in his poetry and in his tales sublimated the cruelty and the terror of American life as he knew it and his own disastrous private experience into imposing spectres of the imagination. Melville in his somewhat fumbling crabbed meters and in the wild tumult and flaming magnificance of his prose rhythms achieved a synthesis in despair. The greatest tragic poet of his era, he

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of the English and English poetry of the mid-century, and
ended in the romantic and romantic poetry of the late nineteenth
and early twentieth centuries. Keats in his poetry and in his
life realized the English and the French of America
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salvaged from a hostile nature and man's war upon her to the death only the tragic virtues of terror and pity. His deep-rooted pity, which Freeman compared to Hardy's, marks his difference from and his superiority to Poe. The other two great poets of the mid-century, Emerson and Whitman achieved security, a spiritual poise that enabled them to look back with joy, to look about them with serenity, to look forward with hopeful courage to a better life. All the essential life of early twentieth century poetry dwelt in embryo within the capacious womb of Emerson's catholicity, grew to conscious manhood in the work of his disciple, Walt Whitman, with whom the study of the poetry of our day properly begins. The other poets of the time, Lanier, Boker, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell may, I think, be dismissed as minor in that unlike the four geniuses mentioned above, they reflected the age in which they lived instead of altering it. They were fine men and fine poets, but they did not become formative influences in their own time and in the times that have succeeded them.

WHITMAN, THE GREAT ORIGINAL

If one looks over the pages of Leaves of Grass, wondering what one might lift as a single perfect jewel to exhibit in detachment as a sample of what Whitman is at his finest, he discovers so many magnificent rolling periods, so many noble sentiments, such an abundance of elemental

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WHITMAN, THE GREAT ORIGINAL

If one looks over the pages of Leaves of Grass, won-
 dering what was meant by a single word, level to
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human sanity that he is prone to close the book in a kind of dumb despair. Here is a man whose like, taking all in all, one does not meet often, even in a lifetime lengthened beyond wont by a broad historic memory, a man of Rabelaisian relish, with a woman's pity and saint's confidence. Here is a man who is at peace with himself and all other men and women, at peace with nature and with God. That he has his defects--"not delicatessen," seems as impertinent to his greatness as does the rough texture of the bark of some magnificent mountain fir, glinting the sunlight from branches that rocked in the wind before the days of Spanish adventure. What does the roughness matter? This Leaves of Grass is the testament of one of the giants in the earth and shall we cavil at the bold hand in which the giant penned it? One catches himself at his rhetoric and laughs, knowing what mighty power rolled the thunder from the lips of O'Connor seventy years ago.

Let us look more closely at this poet who has become one of the mighty, impersonal, elemental forces of the earth. If Emerson gave definitive expression to the reasoned faith of the pioneer, Whitman has chanted his boundless enthusiasm; if Emerson is his metaphysician, Whitman is his poet. His own attitudes and opinions Whitman has discussed frankly in an essay, entitled "A Backward Glance o'er Traveled Roads," published in 1888, some thirty years after he had become an author. His purpose as a writer he states and restates after his manner in an effort to be vivid and clear:

human reality that he is prone to make the best in a kind
of senseless. There is a new world like, taking all in
all, one does not meet often. even in a lifetime experience
beyond work by a broad artistic society, a man of letters
and religion, with a woman's life and artist's confidence.
Here is a man who is at home with himself and all other
men and women, at home with nature and with God. That he
has his doubts--"not delusions," seems an important
his greatness as does the round texture of the back of his
spontaneous conviction. It, finding the spiritual from his
what that rested in the wind before the face of God. It
ventures. What does the venturer suffer? This leaves of
there is the testament of one of the giants in the earth
and will we call it the bold hand in which the giant
reached it. One reaches himself at his frontier and knows
knowing what might have been the thunder from the lips
of O'Connor every year ago.
Let us look more closely at this great and new passage
one of the night, the spiritual elements of the
earth. If history gave definitive expression to the response
of the element, history has changed the conditions of
existence; it agrees in the spiritual, history is his
good. His own attitudes and opinions are then his
track in an essay, entitled "A New World of
Travelled World," published in 1896, some thirty years after
he had become an author. His purpose as a writer as stated
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clear:

"I found myself remaining possess'd at the age of thirty-one to thirty-three, with a special desire and conviction.----This was a feeling or ambition to articulate and faithfully express in literary or poetic form, and uncompromisingly, my own physical, emotional, moral intellectual, and aesthetic personality, in the midst of, and tallying, the momentous spirit and facts of its immediate days, and of current America--and to exploit that personality, identified with place and date, in a far more candid and comprehensive sense than any hitherto poem or book." (1)

"The time had come to reflect all themes and things, old and new, in the lights thrown on them by the advent of America and democracy--to chant those themes through the utterance of one, not only the grateful and reverent legatee of the past, but the born child of the New World--to illustrate all through the genesis and ensemble of today; and that such illustration and ensemble are the chief demands of America prospective imaginative literature." (2)

"I saw from the time my enterprise and questionings positively shaped themselves (how best can I express my

(1) Leaves of Grass. Small Maynard, 1897, p. 434.

(2) Ibid. p. 438.

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(1) Leaves of Grass, Small Manuscript, 1897, p. 434.
 (2) Ibid., p. 438

own distinctive era and surroundings, America, Democracy?) that the trunk and center, whence the answer was to radiate, and to which all should return from straying however far a distance, must be an identical body and soul, a personality--which personality, after many considerations and ponderings I deliberately settled should be myself--indeed could not be any other. I also felt strongly (whether I have shown it or not) that to the true and full estimate of the present both the past and the future are main considerations." (1)

And again: "I round and finish little, if anything; and could not, consistently with my scheme. The reader will always have his or her part to do, just as much as I have had mine. I seek less to state or display any theme or thought, and more to bring you, reader, into the atmosphere of the theme of thought--there to pursue your own flight." (2)

This complete interpretation of democratic America through himself included an attempt to synthesise physical science and the machines which an inventive genius guided by the new scientific knowledge was devising to extend man's control over his physical environment. In this matter Whitman, of course, antedated John Davidson, and is as early as George Meredith. In "A Backward Glance" he wrote,

(1) Leaves of Grass. Small Maynard, 1897, p. 441.

(2) Ibid. P. 442.

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(1) Leaves of Grass. Small Maynard, 1897, p. 441.

(2) Ibid. p. 443.

"What ever may have been the case in years gone by, the true use of the imaginative faculty of modern times is to give ultimate vivification to facts to science, and to common lives endowing them with the glows and glories and final illustriousness which belong to every real thing, and to real things only." (1)

Whitman also used sexual desire and its many manifestations in appropriate behavior as the subject matter for poetry. "The Leaves of Grass," he affirms in the same essay, "is avowedly the song of Sex and amativeness, and even of animality--though meanings that do not usually go along with those words are behind all and will duly emerge, and all are sought to be lifted into a different light and atmosphere. Of this feature, intentionally palpable in a few lines, I shall only say the espousing principle of those lines so gives breath of life to my whole scheme that the bulk of the pieces might as well have been left unwritten were those lines omitted. Difficult as it will be, it has become, in my opinion, imperative to achieve a shifted attitude from superior men and women toward the thought and fact of sexuality, as an element in character, personality, the emotions, and a theme in literature." (2) It was this demand for personal integrity for all men that brought down upon the poet the storm of wrath that would have intimidated

(1) Leaves of Grass. Small Maynard, 1897, p. 435

(2) Ibid. p. 444

What ever may have been the cause in your case, the
free use of the descriptive faculty of modern times is
to give a false impression of facts to posterity, and
to obscure the truth of things with the gloss and fiction
and those who are misled by such things are every day
and in every land.

Children also need rational habits and their mental
development in appropriate manner to the subject matter
of study. "The teacher of Greek," he writes in the same
essay, "is generally the son of a poor and uneducated
even of a family - though sometimes that is not usually so
often with those who are called all and will study enough
and will not hesitate to be called into a different field and
otherwise. Of this teacher, intentionally perhaps in a
few lines, I would only say the education of children of today
knows no other branch of life than the study of the
text of the present, and he will have been left neglected
with those lines called. If only he will be, it can
be done, in my opinion, by making a child a
little free scholar and not a slave to the school and
book of knowledge, as an element in character, personality,
the emotions, and a sense of life." It was this
which the school taught for all men that brought down
upon the world the storm of war in that world have indicated

weaker men. The American and British readers of Whitman's times would undoubtedly have ridiculed his other deviation from conventionality, but there was no other convention which rested upon so insecure a foundation and seemed at the same time to be so necessary to a stable order as did this convention of reticence in sex. The attitude of society toward the whole problem has altered so completely that one may expect Whitman to receive a fairer hearing in the future than he has ever had in the past. The studies of Kraft-Ebbing and the enormous research into abnormal psychology in this century will in time make it possible to read the Calamus poems with an intelligent detachment which is even now uncommon. The reader will then have integrated his experience, as the poet integrated his.

Whitman regarded his poetry as an experiment: "Behind all else that can be said, I consider Leaves of Grass and its theory experimental--as, in the deepest sense, I consider our American republic itself to be, with its theory." (1) It was more than an experiment in the methods of poetry; it was an experiment in the art of living, as was the writing of those great contemporaries of his, Melville and Hawthorne. This splendid attempt reminds one too of the similar vision of Emile Zola substantiated by him in the Rougon-Macquart novels.

Whitman was, of course, a romantic disciple of Rousseau through Emerson. Like all romantics of his time he turned

(1) Leaves of Grass. Small Maynard, 1897, p. 434

with joy to simple, primitive, elemental things. He was happy in the presence of nature, enjoyed animals, prized the companionship of ordinary working-men, believed without the shadow of a doubt that the great democratic experiment would bear fruit in a new age of brotherly love and common prosperity. He saw nothing to fear in democratic government and technological civilization which intelligence and humanitarianism could not inoculate with goodness. He did not deny his debt to the past, as some of his successors have stupidly done, but he was, in a peculiar way, the poet of the present and of the future. He was, obviously, a man of large religious faith and deep religious conviction. In the "Song of Myself", he writes:

"I hear and behold God in every object, yet understand God not in the least,

Nor do I understand who there can be more wonderful than myself."

"Why should I wish to see God better than this day?

I see something of God each hour of the twenty-four, and each moment then,

In the faces of men and women I see God, and in my own face in the glass,

I find letters from God dropped in the street, and everyone is signed by God's name,

And I leave them where they are, for I know that wheresoe'r I go,

Others will punctually come for ever and ever."

"I pass death with the dying and birth with the new-washed babe, and am not contained between my hat and boots,

And peruse manifold objects, no two alike and everyone good,

The earth good and the stars good, and their adjuncts all good."

"Camerado, this is no book,
Who touches this touches a man."

Whitman was not only a great genius who did something vital to the purposes and scope of poetry; he was an innovator also in matters of technique. He accepted Poe's theory "that (at any rate for our occasions, our day) there can be no such thing as a long poem." What gives unity to the collection of observations and rhapsodies which comprise his "Leaves of Grass" is the unity of an informing and energizing personality. He forewent meter, which he found difficult to control, for a loose rolling rhythm akin to the movement of the poetic prose of Tyndale and of Mac Pherson. In his best poems the ideas move with considerable regularity, often in pairs as in Biblical poetry, so that there is a fundamental order which commends itself to our emotions even when that pattern does not carry over in the print. No one can deny beauty of style to such poems as "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," "Patroling Barnegat," "The Wound Dresser," "Give Me The Splendid Silent Sun," "When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloom'd," and one who has once got this magnificent rhythm into his blood will have less difficulty with other poems that are technically less finished.

There is, however, a wide difference between a poet's excellence and his influence upon other poets, for the values which lend greatness to the great are just those qualities which are inimitable, and, perhaps the most valuable thing that Whitman has taught the generations that followed him is not a method but an idea. The notion that it is possible for a man to live in harmony with himself and his fellows and his

God is not of course new, but it is the sort of idea that needs to be repeated, and is received in Whitman a new sanction. To me this is the most precious bequest in his testament, and its influence upon contemporary writing has not yet been measured and will never be measured because it is incommensurable. The force of it, however, is registered in the courage, the honesty, the hope, and the buoyancy of modern letters. Notable and easier to trace is his influence in three other directions.

He believed that poetry ought, affecting as it does all vulgar problems, to appeal to the masses. Believing so, he addressed the "Leaves" to the masses who have not yet been induced to read them, and he has succeeded in inducing other poets since, who have in some cases, perhaps, been more successful in securing a wide reading public, to write with the same end in view. As a corollary to this, the notion has arisen in the minds of nearly a generation of critics that wide appeal was an indication of literary excellence. Out of Whitman's certainty that he had secured a thing of priceless worth and his commendable wish to share it widely has risen one of the interesting fallacies of our time. Of course the master never at any time during his life or since caught the popular ear, and never once did he alter his practice to catch it. A sentence from the essay quoted so freely is illuminating: "Candidly and dispassionately reviewing all my intentions, I feel that they

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 essay shows so freely in illustration: "Finally and sin-
 cerely, reviewing all my intentions, I feel that they

were creditable--and I accept the result, whatever it may be." (1) The sanction of Whitman's poetry came from within; it is ironic, but it appears to be true that men have learned from him to find a sanction for their message in the taste of the democratic average without.

He believed also that poetry ought to be indigenous, that it ought to spring from the soil, that, in as much as its audience was of the present, the content of it should be found in the common experience of the present, in as much as the audience was American the background of it should be these states. He sings:

"The conceits of the poets of other lands I'd
 bring thee not,
 Nor the compliments that have served their
 turn so long,
 Nor rhyme, nor the classics, not perfume of
 foreign court or indoor library;
 But an odor I bring from the forests of Maine,
 or breath of an Illinois prairie,
 With open airs of Virginia, or Georgia, or Tennes-
 see, or from Texas uplands, or Florida's
 glades,
 Or from the Saguenay's black streams, or the wide
 blue spread of Huron,
 With the presentment of Yellowstone's scenes, or
 Yosemite,
 And murmuring, prevailing all, I'd bring the rust-
 ling sea-sound,
 That endlessly sounds from the two great seas of
 the World." (2)

Whitman made an America out of the accumulation of the several segments, as the arithmetician makes a sum by stacking

(1) Leaves of Grass. Small Maynard, 1897, p. 434

(2) Ibid.

his figures in a column. He may have conceived a unity that did not exist; he may have hoped for a unity that he could not discover. Like Lincoln, the greatest political philosopher of the age who fostered the myth of one nation, Whitman seems to have accepted the same idea, but he no more succeeded in giving it a round and vital form than did the novelists of the period. These imaginative writers sensed the diversity of these states and became local-colorists or regionalists in their art. The conception that America was a cultural unit, essentially Eastern, or Southern, or Mid-Western or Californian was the fallacy of a later age, an error into which Whitman did not fall. Another fallacious deduction from the preceeding aberration that American literature ought to be both indigenous and national is the theory that literature ought to be sociological. The idea, perhaps, arrived in this country through the criticism and fictional practice of William Dean Howells, who in turn derived it from Tolstoy. "What Is Art" is one of the most influential tracts in modern letters; it is a tract which would not have been offensive to Whitman, seeing, as he did, in democracy the way to human betterment through the triumph of the common good. Later critics found what they thought was a sanction for this idea in "Leaves of Grass". Then later certain literary critics took naturally another extravagant step; if poetry might concern itself with sociology, as Whitman thought, or must concern itself with sociology as

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Tolstoy believed, therefore any sociological criticism must be poetry, and no other material is suitable for poetic composition and no other purpose could rightly animate creative writing. One is inclined to agree with Mencken that the progress of mankind is not, except in a general way, a movement from error to truth, but from error to error. "What the world turns to," says Mr. Mencken in his Footnote, ⁽¹⁾ "When it has been cured of one error, is usually simply to another error, and maybe one worse than the first." One would fain add too a sentence from the Apologia of Conrad Aiken. "We only perceive those things to which we are attuned; and no matter therefore how fine we spin a logic in defense of our tastes, all we do is subtilize the net of our temperament, the snare of our imperious desires, from which we are never destined to escape," ⁽²⁾ for what Mr. Aiken postulates of poet-critics like himself is equally true of all critics everywhere. And what later generations have thought to derive from Whitman has been that particular quality to which they find an affinity in their own preferences.

To return to the Whitman influence in its third aspect, is to confront the amazing diversity that arose in American poetry in the ten years that followed the publication of Miss Lowell's first Imagist Anthology in 1915. Whitman's

(1) Prejudices, 3d series

(2) Scepticisms, p. 24

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Apology of Conrad Aiken. "The only perspective those blind

to which we are attuned; and no matter therefore how fine

we spin a logic in defense of our tastes, all we do is sub-

stitute the net of our temperament. The error of our im-

portant desire, from which we are never destined to escape," (2)

for what Mr. Aiken postulates of poet-criticism like himself is

essentially true of all criticism everywhere. And what later

generations have brought to derive from Whitman has been said

particularly amply to which they find an affinity in their

own preferences.

To return to the Whitman influence in the last century,

is to confront the amazing diversity that arose in American

poetry in the few years that followed the publication of

Walt Whitman's first Imagist Anthology in 1913. Whitman's

(1) Preface, 33 series

(2) Epitaph, p. 34

abandonment of the rigid compulsion of meter inspired an age of experiment with ametrical form and unconventional composition, first in Germany, Italy, and France, and later in England and America. The influence did not result merely in imitation; it drove men on to fresh experiment, because it was quite completely in accord with at least one aspect of the scientific age. A new movement for free forms, adapted to singular abilities of individual writers, it was, on the whole, a beneficent influence, resulting in the discovery and creation of many lovely forms, to which one must not be blinded by the madresses that may have accompanied them, nor by the fact that these excesses may have driven our literature toward a new formalism.

In the same year John Hay published six smaller narratives under the title of LOCAL-COLOR REALISTS, a racy volume re-

Whitman's demand for a new poetry springing from the immediate environment found an instant response in a new regional realism.

Poems in celebration of the Pike are the first examples, in time and in excellence during the period that followed the emergence of Whitman, of those poems that spring from the lives of the vulgar and are addressed to a wide audience of readers. The Pike was any native of the middle west who moved into California. According to Bayard Taylor he was "Anglo-Saxon relapsed in semi-barbarism." "He is," says Taylor, "long, lathy, sallow; he expectorates vehemently;

achievement of the right combination of matter located in
 age of experiment with aesthetic form and experimental
 composition. First in Germany, Italy, and France and later
 in England and America. The influence did not remain merely
 in imitation; it drove men on to fresh experiment, because
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LOCAL-COLOR REALISM

Whitman's demand for a new poetry springing from the
 immediate environment found an instant response in a new
 regional realism.
 Poems in celebration of the life are the first examples
 in time and in excellence during the period that followed
 the emergence of Whitman, of those poems that spring from
 the lives of the vulgar and are addressed to a wide audience
 of readers. The life was not native of the middle west and
 moved into California. According to Harvey Taylor he was
 "Anglo-Saxon reared in east-Idaho." "He is," says
 Taylor, "long, lanky, yellow; an expectorated verminosity;

he takes naturally to whiskey; he has 'the shakes' his life long at home, though he generally manages to get rid of them in California; he has little respect for the rights of others; he distrusts men in 'store clothes' but venerates the memory of Andrew Jackson." (1) These pioneers came early from Pike County, Missouri, and from this county the whole group took its name. George H. Derby had introduced the Pike to literature in the years preceding the Civil War in his *Phoenixiana*, but it was in the seventies that Bret Harte made him a fixture in American verse. He is the hero of "Plain Language from Truthful James", "Dow's Flat", "Penelope", "Jim", "Chiquita", "In the Tunnel", "Cicely", and "The Society Upon the Stanislaus", published by Harte in 1871. In the same year John Hay published six similar narratives under the title of Pike County Ballads, a racy volume redolent of the pioneering middle west. These two volumes brought to its highest peak of literary value a wave of interest in particular communities that gave us the negro poetry of Irwin Russell, the mid-western poetry of Will Carleton and James Witcomb Riley, the French-Canadian poetry of William H. Drummond, the Chicago poetry of Eugene Field, the New England poetry of Sam Walter Foss and Holman F. Day, the Alaskan and Yukon ballads of Robert W. Service, and so on,--ad infinitum. The Pike County Balladry, which expanded during the rest of the century into the indigenous

the days since the Civil War. First there are the old

(1) At Home and Abroad, p.81

as taken naturally to whiskey; he has 'the shaker' his life
 long at home, though he generally manages to get rid of them
 in California; he has little respect for the rights of col-
 ored men; he is 'a good fellow' but respects the
 memory of Andrew Jackson. (1) These elements came early from
 Pike County, Kentucky, and from this county the whole group
 took its name. George E. Hardy had introduced the Pike to
 literature in the years preceding the Civil War in his *Es-
 sentials*, but it was in the twenties that first Hardy made
 his a fixture in American verse. He is the hero of 'Wine
 Language from Truett's House', 'Bow's Place', 'Vandalia',
 'Jim', 'O'Connell', 'In the Tunnel', 'Wise', and 'The
 Society Upon the Occasion', published by Hardy in 1871.
 In the same year John Hay published six similar narratives
 under the title of *Pike County Ballads*, a very volume re-
 sult of the pioneering spirit. These two volumes re-
 sulted in the highest peak of literary value a wave of
 interest in national communities that gave us the negro
 poetry of Lewis Russell, the mid-western poetry of Will
 Carleton and James Whitcomb Riley, the French-Canadian poe-
 try of William R. Brownson, the Chicago poetry of Eugene
 Field, the New England poetry of Sam Walter Fens and Robert
 D. Boy, the Alaska and Yukon ballads of Robert W. Service,
 and so on--and in addition, the Pike County Ballads, which
 expanded during the rest of the century into the indigenous

(1) At Home and Abroad, p. 21.

writing of a dozen localities, was akin to the regional or local-color movement in prose fiction which produced a considerable body of novels and short stories of very high value as art. Of all these autochthonous poets, John Hay was perhaps the best, for he succeeded in the brief space of one small volume in catching the spirit of a place and the essence of a civilization and imprisoning it in a book, and his success set the standard and established the mode for the writers who followed him. These men are not great poets, but they have kept alive one idea of Whitman's that was to be very powerful in the practice of the next generation--the idea that all literature which amounts to much springs from the immediate environment of the people for whom it is written, that America is of prime importance to Americans, and that American literature to fulfill its whole function cannot be derivative. Here one sees in operation a doctrine which was later to loom so large in the minds of both poets and critics as to become a prison wall beyond which one could not even lift an eye to see. Pike county balladry too was the literature of the pioneer exalting those virtues and ignoring those defects which enabled America so rapidly to subdue and absorb a wild and untractable continent.

Similar in some ways to this regional balladry is the negro poetry which has been collected or produced during the days since the Civil War. First there are the old

writing of a house, especially, was able to find regional or
local-color movement in prose fiction which produced a new
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country balladry too was the literature of the pioneer
existing these virtues and ignoring those defects which en-
abled America to rapidly to acquire and absorb a wild and
unfettered continent.

Similar in some ways to this regional balladry is the
poetry which has been collected or produced during
the days since the Civil War. First there are the old

sacred and secular songs that have come down from the days of slavery. Foremost of the poets was Paul Lawrence Dunbar, a gentle sentimental singer of dusky joy and sorrow. John Wesley Holloway had zest and vigor. James Wheldon Johnson, Claude McKay, and Fenton Johnson show negro poetry becoming a finer and a more certain art as it enters the twentieth century.

Joaquin Miller

Another boisterous eulogist of the pioneer was Joaquin Miller. He was himself a pioneer. He tells us that he was "born in a covered wagon headed west" somewhere near the Ohio--Indiana line.⁽¹⁾ His father was on the trail toward Oregon where years later he was to take up a claim. After two years on the Oregon claim and at the age of thirteen Cincinnati Heine Miller, as the lad was named, left for the mining country. Later, wandering with Indian traders, he was drawn into Indian fighting and was wounded. He was captured by the Indians and lived with them. Escaping, he made his way to San Francisco from which he sailed to Nicaragua to join Walker's band of adventurers, whence he returned to Oregon to get some education at a mission school established by a Southern sect. The school was closed during civil war days, and a paper that Miller edited was suppressed because of its anti-war opinion. He became however an educated man, getting his education as Lincoln got his from the reading of books that fell into his hands. He

(1) Quoted by Boynton in A History of American Literature, p. 401.

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of slavery. Foremost of the poets was Paul Lawrence Dun-
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Johnson, George S. Johnson, and Robert Johnson were poets who
by becoming a writer and a more certain art as if before
the twentieth century.

Joseph Miller

Another noteworthy ecologist of the pioneer was Joseph
Miller. He was himself a pioneer. He tells us that he was
born in a covered wagon headed west somewhere near the
Yellowstone line. His father was on the trail toward
Oregon where years later he was to take up a claim. After
two years on the Oregon claim and at the age of thirteen
thirteen-year-old Joseph Miller, as the lad was named, left for
the mining country. Later, wandering with Indian friends,
he was killed late Indian fighting and was wounded. He was
captured by the Indians and lived with them. Working, he
made his way to San Francisco from which he sailed to King-
ston to join his father's boat of adventure, whence he re-
turned to Oregon to get some education at a mission school
established by a northern settler. The school was closed dur-
ing civil war days, and a paper that Miller edited was sup-
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an educated man, getting his education at Lincoln and his
from the reading of books that fell into his hands. He

taught school while he studied law and was admitted to the bar in Portland, Oregon, where he published his first books in 1868 and 1869. The second volume, Joaquin et al., gave him through the jesting of his fellow lawyers the name by which he was hereafter to be known. His next pioneering as a man-of-letters took him to San Francisco in 1870 where only Ina Coolbrith recognized his genius, thence to New York where no one recognized it, and thence to London where he was unable to find a publisher or get a hearing. To overcome difficulties is the genius of the pioneer; Miller paid for the printing of a hundred copies of his Pacific Poems, distributed them among the literati, and his battle was won. He was famous, the most famous living American poet; never again did he have to seek publisher or audience. Returning to this country he spent some years in writing at Philadelphia and in Oregon, later going to Brazil, and to Palestine after which he spent two years in Washington as a journalist. He made a journey to the Klondike. His last years were spent in retirement in California where, on a hill overlooking San Francisco Bay, he watched and waited until his death in 1913.

The character of Miller reminds one of Whitman's and of Mark Twain's. All were romantics of the days of American expansion and all saw themselves, as they were, in the pose of picturesque eccentrics. Miller beyond the rest lived out his romantic dream in very fact. His poetry was equally romantic, and it was this romantic quality that charmed the

14

taught school while he attended law and was admitted to the
bar in Portland, Oregon, where he published his first poems
in 1868 and 1869. The second volume, Joys of the Sea, gave
him through the friendship of his fellow lawyers and men of
which he was believed to be known. His next publishing
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only the scientific recognized his genius, thanks to New
York where he was recognized it, and thence to London where
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The character of Miller reminds one of Whitman's and of
Mark Twain's. All were romantics of the days of American
expansion and all saw themselves, as they were, in the pose
of picturesque ascetics. Miller beyond the rest lived out
his romantic dream in very fact. His poetry was actually
romantic, and it was this romantic quality that marked the

London literary men--Browning, Rossetti and the rest. A contemporary British review tells the whole story: "The fact that the lines glow with tropical passion, and that his descriptions transport us in imagination to the scenes among which they were composed, compells us to forgive him the lawlessness with which he tramples on the conventional limitations of art." (1) It was the poet's flamboyance which commended him to the West and to England, to the former because they could respond only to exceeding strong stimulation, to the latter because they were extremely susceptible to the primitive and the unfamiliar, and which in turn shut him off from American poets of the East, whom Miller scorned because he could not appreciate their art. He himself never had an art, he merely thrilled to magnificent natural scenery and wild and hazardous adventure by heroic men and hardy women. Having no art he was usually an imitator of Whitman, of Scott, of Coleridge, of Byron, of Swinburne in their more obvious manners. He had no taste. "To me," he declared in an article in the Independent in 1879, "the savage of the plains or the negro of the South is a truer poet than the scholar of Oxford. They may have been alike born with a love of the beautiful but the scholar shut up within the gloomy walls, with his eyes to a dusty book has forgotten the face of Nature and learned only the art of utterance."

(1) Quoted from Allibone, Dictionary of Authors.
See under "Miller".

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scholar of Oxford. They may have been alike born with a
love of the beautiful but the scholar sent us within the
fancy walls, with his eyes to a dusty book and forgotten
the face of Nature and learned only the art of verse."

(1) Quoted from Allibone, Dictionary of Authors.
See under "Miller".

But he was amazed by wild nature and gave honor to primitive heroes. Of the silent poets of the frontier he wrote; "To these poets; these lovers of the beautiful; these silent thinkers from the rush and roar of commerce; these men who have room and strength and the divine audacity to think and act for themselves--to these men who dare to have heart and enthusiasm, who love the beautiful world that the creator made for them, I look for the leaven of our loaf."

Here you have his virtues, his positive qualities which make him a memorable figure in the story: provincialism, democracy, humanity, wonder, enthusiasm, that sense of immanent fact which, in spite of his gaudy coloring, makes him a link in the chain of indigenous realism that runs from Whitman to Sandburg. That he was not a great poet one cannot doubt; that he was important for an understanding of the current of fashion in American poetry is equally certain.

WHITMAN'S FOLLOWERS IN FREE METRIC

One of the ways in which the practice of Whitman tended toward an enlargement of the boundaries of poetry was in the direction of technique, and this tendency revealed itself in all the poetry of the occident. The influence of Whitman made itself felt more immediately and more notably in Europe than in America or in England, but from time to time in the interval that elapsed between the first publication of the Leaves of Grass in 1855 and the trumpeted progress of the first Imagist Anthology in 1915 there were other innovators in ametric technique. That each of these innovations ori-

But he was excited by this praise and gave more to praise -
 tive person. Of the highest grade of the friendly as person;
 "To these people: these lovers of the beautiful; these who
 least think from the fact and sort of commonness; these who
 who have room and strength and the divine necessity to think
 and not for themselves--to these and who dare to have heart
 and enthusiasm, who love the beautiful world and the great
 for sake for them, I look for the leaders of our time."
 Now you have his witness, his positive qualities which were
 his a magnetic figure in the story: gravitational, domi-
 nant, humanly, tender, enthusiastic, that sense of immensity
 that which, in spite of his angry coloring, makes him a link
 in the chain of idealism which runs from Whitman
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WHITMAN'S FOLLOWERS IN THE NORTH

One of the ways in which the practice of Whitman tended
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 direction of technical, and this tendency revealed itself in
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Leaves of Grass in 1855 and the first published witness of the
 first Imagist Anthology in 1915 there were other important
 in poetic technique. That each of these later poets was

ginated in direct imitation of Whitman or even indirectly is to be doubted, but each worked with the testimony of Whitman within the background of his vision, and undoubtedly drew encouragement from his example.

Adah Isaacs Menken

First of the innovators to follow Whitman, if she may with any truth be said to follow, was Adah Isaacs Menken. Her first volume of poems followed Whitman's by only one year, and there is no evidence internal or external, so far as I know, that proves her indebtedness to him. It may well be a case merely of chance coincidence that these two Americans should have rebelled against metrical restraint at exactly the same time, and that their rebellion should have taken on so nearly the same attitudes. That Mrs. Menken knew Mac Pherson and loved the ecstasies of the Hebrew prophets is certain, and that she made of their music something different from the cosmic sweep of Whitman's orotundity is obvious. She is a softer, sweeter singer, whose rhythm is more flexible and whose tone more happily variable. Her music reminds one of Sandburg's, never of her great contemporary. Listen to the movement of "Into the Depths:

Come, Eros, thou creator if this divine passion,
 come and lay my weary head on your bosom.
 Draw me close up to your white breast and lull
 me to sleep.
 Smooth back the damp, tangled mass from my pale
 brow.

I am so weary of battle--
 Take this heavy shield.
 I am so weary of toil--
 Loosen my garments.

Now wrap me close to your bosom to rest.
 Closer--closer still!
 Let your breath warm my cold face,
 This is life--this is love!
 Oh, kiss me till I sleep--till I sleep--I sleep.

This is the voice of despair, but it is incomparably brighter
 than the abysmal depths of Resurgum.

Yes, yes, dear love! I am dead!
 Dead to you!
 Dead to the world!
 Dead forever!

It was onenight in May.
 The stars were strangled, and the moon was blind
 with the flying clouds of a black despair....
 And so the stark and naked soul unfolded its wings
 to the dimness of death!
 A death that left these golden billows of hair to
 drown the whiteness of my bosom....
 And death left an old light in my eyes, and old
 music for my tongue, to deceive the crawling
 worms that would seek my warm flesh....
 A midnight swooped down to bridegroom the day.
 And so I died,
 Died this uncoffined and unburied death,
 Died alone in the young May night,
 Died with my fingers grasping the white throat of
 many a prayer.

That Mrs. Menken chose an ametric form for most of her
 writing was not her inability to cope with the difficulties of
 meter, this stanza of anapestic tetrameter from "Pro Patria"
 will show.

Each turret, and terrace, and archway of grandeur,
 Its beauty uprounded through laughs of the light;
 And world-crowned America chose for her standard
 The blush of the day and the eyes of the night.

She elected to write in a free-verse as certainly as did
 Amy Lowell, only one arrived at her decision by instinctive
 preference, the other by a process of intellection. Her poetic
 faith, which, like all faiths, is compounded of belief and

How many more shall I see
Climb--climb--climb!
Let your breath warm my cold face,
Till I feel--till I feel--
Oh, kiss me--till I sleep--till I sleep--

This is the voice of despair, but it is incomparably brighter
than the agonized death of Resurrection.

Yes, yes, dear love! I am dead!
Dead to you!
Dead to the world!
Dead forever!

It was midnight in May.
The stars were straggled, and the moon was blind
With the flying clouds of a black tempest...
And no one there and asked not of the things
To the dimness of death!
A death that left these golden pillows of mine
Brown the whiteness of my bosom...
And death left an old light in my eyes, and old
Music for my tongue, to describe the crawling
worms that would seek my warm flesh...
A midnight swooped down to obliterate the day.
And no I died,
Died this uncolored and unnamed death,
Died alone in the young May night,
Died with my fingers tracing the white traces of
many a prayer.

That Mrs. Wether chose an electric form for most of her
writing was not her inability to cope with the difficulties of
meter, this stanza of suggestive tetrameter from "The Battle"
will show.

Each target, and fortress, and arrow of vengeance,
Its heavy rounded thunder known to the light;
And with rounded arrows aimed for her standard
The blueness of the day and the eyes of the night.

She elected to write in a free verse as certainly as did
any Lowell, only one arrived at her decision by instinctive
preference, the other by a process of elaboration. Her poetic
faith, which, like all faith, is compounded of belief and

expectation and poison doubt, she has phrased in "Miserimus."

O Bards! weak heritors of passion and of pain!
 Dwellers in the shadowy Palace of Dreams!
 With your unmated souls flying insanely at the stars!
 Why have you led me lonely and desolate to the deathless hill of song?
 You promised that I should ring transing shivers of rapt melody down to the dumb earth.
 You promised that its echoes should vibrate till time's circles met in old eternity,
 You promised that I should gather the stars like blossoms to my bosom.
 You promised that I should create a new moon of poesy.
 You promised that the wild wings of my soul should shimmer through the dusky locks of the clouds, like burning arrows down into the deep heart of the dim world.
 But, O Bards! sentinels on the lonely hills, why breaks there yet no day to me?

It is almost impossible to think of the dithyrambs of Mrs. Menken without finding oneself face to face with the woman herself and becoming intrigued by the surge of her womanhood; just as one has difficulty in keeping his mind on the songs of Emily Dickinson, perfect and self-sufficient as they are, in the presence of that fay who seems forever peering from behind. Yet these two daughters of Eve charm all those who brush past them, charm them for causes almost diametrically opposed: Mrs. Menken for her hopeful acceptance of life, Miss Dickinson for her rigid refusal of it. The welcome which Adah Isaacs Menken accorded to experience was ecstatic. Born near New Orleans in 1835, according to some the daughter of a Spanish Jew, she bore the romantic name of Dolores Adios Fuertes; according to others, she was christened Adelaide Mc Cord, daughter of an Irish merchant. Left penniless with

a widowed mother by the mischance of death, Adelaide at the age of seven went on the stage as a dancer in the city of New Orleans to carry a part of the burden of supporting her mother, her two younger sisters and herself. She educated herself in English, Latin, French, and Spanish, while she played. At the age of seventeen she was married to a man whose name even has been lost. She was dancing at a theatre in Havana while she was still in her teens. A little later we find her playing with a company of actors in Texas; later she is editing a paper there. In 1856 she was back in New Orleans, where, a year after the first appearance of the Leaves of Grass she issued her first collection of poetry. Back in Texas later in the year she married a Jewish musician by the name of Alexander Isaacs Menken, taking for herself the name of Adah Isaacs and exchanging her Christianity for Judaism, a name and a faith she was to keep until her death. Soon she was on the road traveling through the South with the company of Edwin Booth. She studied sculpture and painting in her spare time. She turned for a time from the stage to the press, working on the Cincinnati Israelite. She became interested in military tactics, joining a company of guards in Dayton, and rising to the captaincy. A year later in 1859, she was playing in New York when she married the pugilist, John C. Heenan, whose extreme brutality she endured for two years. From 1861 to 1865 she was on the stage playing the part of Mazeppa not only in the United States,

a witness that by the admission of death, established at the
age of seven years in the place of a doctor in the city of
New Orleans to carry a part of the burden of supporting her
father, but the younger sister had married. The educated
herself in English, Latin, French, and Spanish, while she
played. At the age of seventeen she was married to a man
whose name was not known. She was devoted to a theatre
in Havana until she was killed in her father's little later
we find her living with a company of actors in Havana; later
she is called a paper writer. In 1822 she was back in New
Orleans, where, a year after the first appearance of the
Journal of the was issued her first collection of poetry.
Back in Texas later in the year she married a French com-
rade of the name of Alexander Louis Merton, taking for her
with the name of Anna Merton and accompanying her constantly
for thirteen years and a child was born to her in 1831.
Anna was now on the road travelling between the north
with the company of Edwin Booth. She studied anatomy and
painting in New York city. She turned for a time from the
stage to the press, working on the Cincinnati Examiner.
She became interested in military tactics, joining a company
of women in Texas, and visiting the country. A year
later in 1835, she was living in New York when she married
the poet, John C. Hedges, whose career practically she
endured for two years. From 1831 to 1835 she was on the
stage visiting the part of Europe and only in the United States.

but in London, Paris and Vienna. In 1862 she divorced Heenan and married the humorist, R. H. Newell with whom she remained married until 1865 when she again secured a divorce to marry one James Barclay. She was an intimate friend of Charles Dickens, to whom she dedicated her "Infelicia", and of Swinburne, Read, Dumas, and Gautier. She died in Paris in 1868, and is buried in Pere la Chaise. She had lived life as few have the zest to lived it, and she had found death. Her fame as a poet was not immediate and has not yet arrived, but it will come. The London Atheneum is contemporary opinion: "Verses which, if they were really written by the person whose name they bear, show much uncultivated pathos in sentiment to have existed in the author's mind; also a wilderness of rubbish and affected agonies of yearning after the unspeakable which achieve the nonsensical." (1) From such contemptuous pity she fell into an oblivion from the dark of which she is not yet emerged in spite of intrinsic worth and historical significance. Clement Wood's valiant attempts to raise her from the dust by a long critical notice in a periodical and by a chapter in his Poets of America should call the attention of a generation fond of experiment and originality to the worth of this undaunted explorer both in life and in art. (2)

(1) Allibone, Dictionary of Authors. See "Menken".

(2) Poets of America, p. 56 ff.

but in London, Paris and Vienna. In 1868 she married
Herman and married the daughter, A. B. Henshaw, who was
and remained married until 1885 when she again married a
divorce to marry one James Henshaw. She was an English
traveller and Charles Henshaw, to whom she dedicated her "In-
tellect", and of Henshaw, Henshaw, Henshaw, and Henshaw. She
died in Paris in 1868, and is buried in Paris in France.

She had lived a life as few have the right to live it, and
she had found death. Her name as a poet was not immediate
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be really written by the person whose name they bear, who
much unexcited genius in sentiment to have existed in the

author's mind, since a wilderness of rubbish and affected
sentiment of yearning after the impossible which achieve the
inconceivable." (1) From such contemporary gift she fell into

an oblivion from the dark of which she is not yet rescued
in spite of historical notes and historical significance.

Elizabeth Wood's violent attempt to raise her from the dust
by a long critical notice in a periodical and by a chapter

in his Poets of America should call the attention of a reader
to the fact of experiment and originality in the work of this

undoubted explorer both in life and in art. (2)

(1) Elizabeth Wood, Dictionary of Authors. See "Henshaw".

(2) Poets of America, p. 55 ff.

Stephen Crane

Stephen Crane, who in Maggie a Girl of the Streets and the Red Badge of Courage blazed the trail for a new realism in fiction, who wrote short stories somewhat like those of Ambrose Bierce which are very excellent in their genre, not only wrote poetry, but revealed in the few poems he wrote a premonition of the way poetry was to travel in the age that was to follow. In 1893 he called upon Howells who read to him some of the newly published poems of Emily Dickinson. He was also familiar with Whitman, and perhaps, the unrimed sonnets of Anna Bracket. Out of a consciousness thus fertilized, his poems proceeded. "They came into Crane's head", says Beer, "while he was depressed one night, and it seemed, almost that somebody dictated them to him."⁽¹⁾ Read aloud by one of his friends to a company of literary people, the poems received only contemptuous silence. They were published in 1895 by Copeland and Day of Boston, in a striking binding designed by Gordan, under the title of Black Riders and Other Lines. The new book with clear, hard imagery, sharp diction and a flexible prose rhythm, was done in lines of irregular length without rime. It was, moreover, oblique in method, intense in compressed emotion. The spirit which animated the compositions was pessimistic, bitter, cynical; it grated upon the ears used to the vigorous optimism of Whitman and the conventional optimism of Longfellow. The form appeared as the eccentricity of a mad man; the philosophy as the vapor-

(1) Stephen Crane, A Study in American Letters--Star Edition
p. 120

ings of a perverted decadent. Here are samples. Of the making of poems he says:

Many red devils ran from my heart
And out upon the page,
They were so tiny
The pen could mash them.
And many struggled in the ink,
It was strange
To write in this red muck
Of things from my heart.

Of church attendance his comment is, to say the least, not Victorian.

Two or three angels
Came near to the earth,
They saw a fat church,
Little black streams of people
Came and went in continually,
And the angels were puzzled
To know why the people went thus,
And why they stayed so long within.

He knows as well as later disillusioned dreamers how pitifully inadequate are the institutions men make to preserve the essence of their ideals.

Many workmen
Built a huge ball of masonry
Upon a mountain top,
Then they went to the valley below,
And turned to behold their work,
"It is grand", they said;
They loved the thing.

On a sudden it moved;
It came upon them swiftly;
It crushed them to blood,
But some had opportunity to squeal.

He knew also that folk, who in ancient days were known as Philistines, were impregnable, because they only among the children of men knew what they wanted and had wisely secured it.

page of a hurried document. Here are samples. Of the

making of poems as they:

Many the devils from my heart
And out upon the page,
They were so light
The words came then.
And many struggled in the ink,
If was strange
To write in this red mud
Of things from my heart.

Of course attendance his comment is, to say the least, not

Victorian.

Two or three angels
Came near to the earth.
They saw a lot church,
Little black streams of people
Came and went in confusion,
And the angels were puzzled
To know why the people went thus,
And why they stayed so long within.

He knows as well as later disinterested historians how this

folly inadequate and the institution men make to preserve

the essence of their ideas.

Many workers
Built a huge hall of memory
Upon a mountain top,
Then they went to the valley below,
And turned to behold their work,
"It is grand," they said;
They loved the thing.

As a sudden it moved;
It came upon them swiftly;
It dashed them to blood,
But some had opportunity to escape.

He knew also that folk who in ancient days were known as

philistines, were ignorant, because they only among the

children of men knew what they wanted and how wisely to

cover it.

A man toiled on a burning road,
 Never resting.
 Once he saw a fat, stupid ass
 Grinning at him from a green place,
 The man cried out in rage,
 "Ah, do not deride me, fool.
 I know you----
 All day stuffing your belly,
 Burying your heart
 In grass and tender sprouts:
 It will not suffice you."
 But the ass only grinned at him from the green place.

He saw, too, the ridiculousness of all dreams, and the absurdity of all dreamers, and he cared not at all.

I saw a man pursuing the horizon;
 Round and round and round they sped.
 I was disturbed at this;
 I accosted the man.
 "It is futile", I said.
 "You can never"----
 "You lie", he cried,
 And ran on.

This was extremely offensive, but in the Black Riders, there was worse. He wrote shamelessly of sex, and no poet or novelist could do that in the United States of 1895 and escape whole. Crane did not; he had to wait for fair appraisal until a technique similar to his had come to America by way of England from the European experimenters in free verse. new frankness of speech has grown out of the efforts of the novelist of his own age, and a new pessimism had been born out of the horrid muddling that ended in the world-war. There is no evidence that Crane himself influenced the later imagists who derived chiefly from the French poets, and from the fragments of Sappho, and the brief picture poems of the Chinese, and, strange as it may appear, Crane seems never to have been

taught by any of them. When asked by some one if he admired Mallarme, he is reported⁽¹⁾ to have answered, "I don't know much about Irish authors." That he should have arrived at a method so analagous by way of Walt Whitman and Emily Dickinson is remarkable.

A second volume of verse, War Is Kind, beginning with an ironic poem on war, reveals the same artist at the same methods, achieving equally surprising ends.

Whitman and Mrs. Menken moved from the strict rhythm of meter in the direction of the irregular rhythms of prose. In the most impassioned work of these writers one is aware of definite rhythmical pattern more or less regularly applied. Crane moved a step nearer to prose in his poems, which read more like spaced prose than do the lines of the earlier innovators. Each poet had taken a step toward the fluidity, the currency of prose. There were writers in America in the interval who actually poetized in prose, who gave us all the essential elements of poetry: thought-formulation of considerable human interest, ideas emotionally apprehended, but without verse form beyond the irregular incidence of a heightened prose rhythm.

George Herbert Palmer

One of the most widely read of these prose poets was George Herbert Palmer, who in 1888 published the first segment of his translation of the Odyssey, whose book has gone into the hands of thousands of school children and has had

(1) Stephen Crane, A Study in American Letters, p. 124

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(1)
...as is reported to have answered, "I don't
know much about Irish poetry, but he should have arrived
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A second volume of verse, For the King, dedicated with
an ironic poem on war, reveals the same artist at the same
melancholy, achieving equally surprising results.
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George Herbert Palmer

One of the most widely read of these prose poets was
George Herbert Palmer, who in 1898 published the first vol-
ume of his translation of the Odyssey, whose book has been
into the hands of thousands of school children and has had

an incalculable influence upon their tastes. Why he chose the rhythms of prose he has told us in a preface to the edition of 1920:

"I have sought to draw attention chiefly to Homer's simplicity, his realism, his finding joy where a child finds it; to his lack of self-consciousness, his interest in a thing or fact for more ulterior reason than because it is a thing or fact. On these characteristics I am the more inclined to insist because they have been somewhat neglected by previous translators.-----It might well seem that the literary medium suitable for reproducing the traits which I prize in Homer would be prose, and I should be willing to admit that any poetic structure of an elaborate or obvious sort must transform his poem into something quite unlike its aggressive actuality.--Prose, on the other hand, introduces considerable distortions of its own.----Accordingly, without accepting in full the vagaries of some recent practitioners of 'free verse', I judged--long before they appeared--that it might be well to lend Homer 'a linked sweetness' and yet not cut up his rapid story into fixed lengths. As the church chant or Wagner's recitative breaks down the dividing line between speech and song, as Ossian, William Blake, and Walt Whitman give limits of a tertium quid between speech and verse, so it seemed to me that Homer might best be interpreted by a rhythmic prose which should keep something of the swiftness of the ancient hexameter, its variety, its

an immediate influence upon their tastes. But it seems
the rhythm of prose in his hands is a measure of the
time of 1850:

"I have sought to draw attention chiefly to Robert's
simplicity, his freedom, his feeling for words as a child finds
it; to his lack of self-consciousness, his interest in a
thing or fact for more efficient reasons than because it is a
thing or fact. On these characteristics I am far more in-
clined to insist because they have been somewhat neglected
by previous commentators.-----It might well seem that the
literary critics would be for recognizing the traits which I
prize in Robert would be wrong, and I should be willing to
admit that my words are written of an oversight or oversight
and must therefore be poor. But considering that the
criticisms are generally, I think, on the other hand, I have
considerable assurance of the correctness of my judgment. I
accepting to tell the reader of some recent practitioners
of their craft I judged--and before they appeared--that it
might be well to read Robert's 'linked sentences' and yet
not call on my reader to read these things. As the chance
of Robert's criticism is given good the dividing line
between good and bad, as usual, William Blake, and with
himself give him of a certain kind between good and
bad. So it seemed to me that Robert must be inter-
ested by a critical sense which should keep separate of
the criticism of the ancient poetaster, the variety, the

capacity for taking on the color of purposed emotion, while still retaining the power of impressing on us its statements as facts." (1)

And so for qualities of limpidity and precision and direction Professor Palmer turned to prose as the best medium for translating the reality of the Homeric story.

Stuart Merrill

Another American called the attention of readers to the uses of prose for the expression of the narrower, more tenuous emotions of a complicated civilization. This author, almost unknown in his own country, was Stuart Merrill, who published translations of prose-poems from the French experimenters of the last part of the century in a little book called Pastels, issued by the house of Harper in 1890 with a foreword by William Dean Howells. Stuart Merrill was such an interesting fellow, and his reaction to his environment was so like the post-war reaction of the artist in all the countries of the western world but, perhaps, particularly in America that one would like to know more of him. Born in 1863 at Hempstead, L. I., close to the birthplace of Whitman, he was taken to Paris by his father, George Merrill, a blind attorney who had been appointed legal adviser to the American embassy. He received his formal education in French schools, the Lycee Michele and the Lycee Condorcet

(1) The Odyssey of Homer, Revised Edition, pp. XXVIII-XXXI.

especially for being on the side of progress, which
will maintain the power of imperialism on the one hand
and so for qualities of liberty and precision and di-

rection Professor Palmer turned to prove as the best medium
for transmitting the reality of the domestic story.

Stewart Merrill

Another American called the attention of readers to the
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1855 at Newburgh, N. Y., close to the birthplace of this-
and, he was taken to Paris by his father, George Merrill, a
blind attorney who had been appointed legal adviser to the
American embassy. He received the French education in
French schools. The Lyons Michel and the Lyons Conservatory

where Mallarme was the instructor in English. He came back to America in 1884 to study law at Columbia, completing his studies in 1889, securing admittance to the bar and hanging out his shingle at the end of his course. But America, pioneering in business, pushing into a new market, making an industrial empire out of an agricultural one, and adding culture by purchase as it did everything else, offended his taste: Merrill wrote Mr. T. B. Rudmose--Brown: "How I feel and understand your desperation in industrial Leeds. I felt the same chill in brain and heart during my five eternal years spent in industrial New York." ⁽¹⁾ "Ah! if I could wring the neck of that damned spread-eagle!" ⁽²⁾ he shouted on another occasion. In 1892 he left America forever, settling in the France he loved, marrying a Belgian woman from the vicinity of Brussels, becoming a French poet of distinction, with four volumes of sonorous and splendid verse to his credit, dying literally of a broken heart in the terrible anguish of the German occupation in 1916. Belonging to the group of poets known as Symbolists he drew his inspiration not only from his contemporary writers but from the music of Wagner, the sonorous rhythms of Whitman, and the more obvious verbal melody of Swinburne. A nature poet of a high order, he became in a peculiar sense the landscapist of the valley of the Seine. His hatred of the new injustices associated with an industrial civilization was deep-seated and imposing. In the letter to Mr. Rudmose--Brown quoted above he bemoans the

(1) Rudmose-Brown, French Literary Studies, p. 102

(2) Ibid. p. 99

fact that "all Germany is saturated with the industrial spirit." Schweinsfurt he says, "is now a hideous, melancholy and unwholesome city, with a minority filling their money bags and a majority stupefied by work and drink and voting like sheep for the Socialist ticket instead of giving what is left in their veins of good red blood for the violent betterment of their condition."----"The remedies for ugliness, as for all evil, are to be sought in the future, not in the past,"----"I am more and more convinced that what we must fight with all our might and power of hatred is the religious and patriotic spirit."----"No, let us not be too dainty, and let us keep true to our ideal of more Beauty, more Truth, more Charity in this world, even if it seems a sublime lie,"----"My philosophy helps me much,"----"Everything changes, nothing lasts, nor can be fixed a second. And it is in this eternal course or movement of things that I find, strange to say, motives for courage and hope."⁽¹⁾ This man who withdrew from his country because it appeared to be dedicated to callous industrialism and selfish imperialism, who like John Davidson, left the religion of God for a religion of beauty and of brotherhood, comes into this story almost by accident, but his points of contact with the revolutionary poets of the war and post-war days is not accidental, and to fail in noting it was not to be thought on.

To return to the matter of the prose-poem, Stuart Merrill, who had so much to give to America that America desperately needed, who sought once in his youth to make America

(1) French Literary Studies, p. 102-103

hear the French symbolists, who meant so much to him and who were later to mean so much to American letters, gave us in his translations our first examples of the prose poem. Mr. Howells, whose European contacts with the great novelist of France and of Russia had inclined his sympathies toward free experiment in the pursuit of truth, was peculiarly sagacious in his laudation of the newer methods set down in his introductory remarks. After praising the poets for their reticence, brevity, simplicity, and delicacy, which had flowered without the artificial incitements of meter, he says, "What struck me most was that apparently none of them had abused his opportunity to saddle his reader with a moral.---- One would have thought it must fall out in just the other way; that the poet, having all the liberties of prose in his right, could not fail to explain and expound himself, and to make the application. But no; he fashions his pretty fancy on his lovely inspiration; sets it well on the ground, poises it, goes and leaves it. The thing cannot have been easy to learn, and it must always be most difficult to do, for it implies the most courageous faith in art, the finest respect for others, the wisest self-denial." ⁽¹⁾ Mr. Howells says further: "I do not know the history of the French Poem in Prose, but I am sure that, as we say in our graphic slang, it has come to stay. It is a form which other languages must naturalize." ⁽¹⁾ The great critic was more hopeful of this par-

(1) Pastels in Prose, p. VII

over the known quantities, and means to show to all eyes
the very fact to which we have to refer in this paper.
We in his presentation our first example of the above
Mr. Russell, whose position connects with the first
of them and of which he has given his explanation
these especially in the case of truth, and especially
relations in his presentation of the new method and how in
his intellectual character. After giving the facts for their
reference, or with, especially, and especially, which are the
good without the artificial limitations of truth, and
that which we have just apparently seen of them and
showed his susceptibility to enable his reader with a story.
The would have thought it must fall out to that the other
with that the good, leaving all the limitations of truth in the
truth, could not fall in with the new explanation, and the
make the explanation, but not the explanation and truth, and
on his lovely presentation, and it will be the same, and
it goes and leaves it. The other cannot be made to
fact, and it must always be made difficult to see, for it is
like the most common sense, and the least common sense.
For instance, the most common sense, (1) Mr. Russell says
further: I do not know the history of the French Revolution
process, but I am sure that, as we see in the French Revolution,
it has come to this, it is a form which shows the process and
naturalness. (1) The great circle was made natural, and the

ticular innovation than the facts of popular taste warranted. Lilla Cabot Perry translated the prose poems of Tourguenieff; Lilly Lewis Rood and Mary E. Wilkins tried out the new form in the magazines; but it was to be another score of years before the general public was to manifest any interest in such delicate music or to enjoy the fine flavor of detachment inherent in most of the writings of the French practice. Probably that attitude of indifference to all that the masses count important to be found in the almost impersonal detachment of art of this sort, springs from kindly contempt for things of accidental predominance which only a small minority can even sense with sympathy. That minority found its tongue in the second decade of our century; but it was too timid in 1890 to make so much as a peep.

The finest examples of this form in American letters are the *Trivia* of Logan Pearsall Smith, the first of which were printed in 1902. Two brief examples from the *Trivia* of 1917 will suffice.

Inconstancy

The rose that one wears and throws away,
the friend one forgets, the music that passes--
out of the well known transitoriness of mortal
things I have made myself a maxim or precept to
the effect that it is foolish to look for one
face, or to listen long for one voice, in a
world that is after all, as I know, full of en-
chanting voices.

clearer illustration than the case of popular taste mentioned.
 Miss Cabot Perry translated the prose poems of Verlaine;
 Miss Lewis Reed and Mary A. Wilkins tried out the new form
 in the magazine; but it was to be another score of years be-
 fore the general public was to manifest any interest in such
 delicate music or to enjoy the fine flavor of detachment in-
 herent in most of the writings of the French poetess. Pro-
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 light of all of this sort, arising from kindly contempt for
 change of accidental circumstance which only a small minority
 can even sense with sympathy. That minority took its course
 in the second decade of our century; but it was too small in
 1890 to make so much as a peep.

The finest examples of this form in American letters are
 the *Trilogy* of Helen Rossell Smith, the first of which was
 printed in 1903. Two other examples from the *Trilogy* of 1911
 will suffice.

Inconsistency

The row that one wears and throws away,
 the friend one loves, the music that passes--
 out of the well known transitoriness of mortal
 things I have made myself a waxen or precious
 the effect that it is foolish to look for one
 face, or to listen long for one voice, in a
 world that is after all, as I know, full of an-
 other voices.

But all the same I can never quite forget the enthusiasm with which, as a boy, I read the praises of Constancy and True Love, and the unchanged Northern Star.

The Poplar

There is a great tree in Sussex, whose cloud of thin foliage floats high in the summer air. The thrush sings in it, and black birds, who fill the late decorative sunshine with a shimmer of golden sound. There the nightingale finds her green cloister; and on those branches sometimes, like a great fruit, hangs the lemon-colored moon. In the glare of August when all the world is faint with heat, there is always a breeze in these cool recesses, always a noise, like the noise of water, among its lightly hung leaves.

But the owner of this tree lives in London, reading books.

In thinking about this extension of the field poetry made by these writers of poems in prose, one has to keep in mind clearly the particular content of meaning he is carrying about in that deceptive old bottle. All words used for abstract notions become blurred in meaning, and no word has become more uncertain in all the nomenclature of rhetoric, for it is used for two ideas, each entirely distinct, yet each related to

But all the same I can never quite forget
the excitement with which, as a boy, I read
the progress of Christianity and the love, and
the unbroken Northern star.

The Poet

There is a great tree in Essex, whose
arms of leafy foliage reach high in the summer
air. The trunk rises in it, and black birds
who fill the late decorative shadows with a
hummer of golden sound. There the nightingale
finds her green elixir; and on those branches
sometimes, like a great bird, hangs the fawn-
colored moon. In the glow of August even all
the world is faint with night; there is always
a breeze in these cool recesses, always a noise
like the noise of water, among the lightly hung
leaves.

But the owner of this tree lives in London,
reading books.

In thinking about this extension of the field poetry made
by these writers of poems in prose, one has to keep in mind
exactly the particular content of reading as it carries about
in that descriptive old bottle. All sorts of old
actions become stirred in reading, and no sort has become more
universal in all the generations of readers, for it is used
for two uses, each entirely distinct, yet each related to

same object. Prose is used to define the opposite of poetry, of creation, of make-believe, and the opposite of meter, or the regular patterning of syllables in most poetry. This unfortunate dual usage is no recent confusion; it is as old as literary criticism, Aristotle, the father of critics having cautioned against it. "An historian", he said, "and a poet do not differ from each other because the one writes in verse and the other in prose; for the history of Heroditus might be written in verse, and yet it would be no less a history with meter than without meter. But they differ in this, the one speaks of things that have happened, and the other of such as might have happened." And again, "The Art which imitates by words alone, either prose or verse----is hitherto nameless.----For even they who compose treatises of medicine or natural philosophy in verse are denominated poets: Yet Homer and Empedocles have nothing in common, except their meter; the former therefore justly merits the name of poet, while the other should rather be called a physicist than a poet." (1) And the notion, all but universal in England and in America for hundreds of years that prose was invariably prose, and that poetry was meter is thus a quadruple perplexity. Prose, as the relation or analysis of fact has nothing to do with poetry. Prose, as the opposite of the recurring rhythm of meter, as veiled or

(1) Poetics See also Moulton, The Modern Study of Literature, pp. 13-17; Flint, Other World, Cadences. See preface.

(2) Lowell, Conventions and Revolt in Poetry, Chap. VII
(3) From a talk on Whitman by E. Charlton Black.

same object. There is used to define the opposite of poetry, of creation, of make-believe, and the opposite of poetry, of the regular ordering of experience in most poetry. This understanding must be as a recent conclusion; it is as old as literary criticism, Aristotle, the father of criticism having considered nature as "An historian," he said, "and a poet to not differ from each other because the one writes in verse and the other in prose; for the history of Herodotus might be written in verse, and yet it would be no less a history with matter than without matter. But they differ in this, that the poet speaks of things that have happened, and the other of such as might have happened." And again, "The art which imitates by words alone, either prose or verse---is historic narrative.---for even they who suppose themselves of medicine or natural philosophy in verse are designated poets: Yet Homer and Hesiodus have nothing in common, except their name; the former in verse, the latter in prose, while the other should rather be called a physician than a poet." (1) And the notion, all but universal in England and in America for hundreds of years, that prose was invariably prose, and that poetry was meter is thus a pathetic persistence. Prose, as the relation or analysis of fact has nothing to do with poetry. Prose, as the opposite of the recurring rhythm of meter, as well as

(1) Poetics See also Aristotle, The Modern Study of Literature, pp. 13-14; What, Other World, Cambridge. See preface.

broken rhythm, may be used as the medium of poetic utterance no less than meter, and it is prose used in this sense that critics have in mind when they talk of "the incursion of prose"⁽¹⁾ into the realm of poetry by poets who extend the boundaries of their domain by annexing a part of the field of prose. Indeed by the use of non-recurrent rhythm poets add to their other virtues the flexibility, the clarity, the precision which are peculiarly the property of prose.

which does not result in the atrophy of the isolated parts.

He wrote WHITMAN'S CONVENTIONAL CONTEMPORARIES in a ro-

The generation in which Whitman lived was not much impressed by him. No one but Emerson heard him, except to sneer at him. Sidney Lanier expressed the prevalent view when he wrote, "Whitman is poetry's butcher. Huge raw collops slashed from the rump of poetry and never mind the gristle is what Whitman feeds our souls with."⁽²⁾ His younger contemporaries, John B. Tabb, Richard Henry Stoddard, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Thomas Bailey Aldrich were in the main writers in the tradition of the earlier generation. Father Tabb was an exquisite jeweller, an ivory carver, a miniaturist who made quiet-toned immaculate quartrains that are very lovely. Stoddard was conventional, reminiscent, imitative; if he had any original and distinctive power, it was in the creation of elegant trifles, which are still rather delightful confections. Stedman, business man, critic, and poet, was uncommonly familiar with European literature for a man of his time; only Lowell could

(1) Lowes, *Convention and Revolt in Poetry*. Chap. VII

(2) From a talk on Whitman by E. Charlton Black.

broken rhythm, may be used as the medium of poetic utterance no less than meter, and it is prose itself in this sense that critics have in mind when they talk of "the intrusion of prose" into the realm of poetry by poets who extend the boundaries of their domain by showing a part of the field of prose, indeed by the use of non-metrical rhythmic words and to their other virtues the flexibility, the clarity, the precision which are peculiarly the property of prose.

WHITMAN'S CONVENTIONAL CONTEMPORARIES

The generation in which Whitman lived was not much impressed by him. No one but Emerson heard him, except to sneer at him. Sidney Lanier expressed the prevalent view when he wrote, "Whitman is poetry's butcher. There are no college friends from the camp of poetry who may remind the critic is that Whitman feels our souls with." His younger contemporaries, John B. Tabb, Richard Henry Stoddard, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Thomas Bailey Aldrich were in the main writers in the tradition of the earlier generation. Tabb was an exquisite jeweler, an ivory carver, a miniature artist who made artist-toned miniature characters that are very lovely. Stoddard was conventional, sentimental, imitative; if he had any original and distinctive power, it was in the creation of elegant trifles, which are still rather delightful constructions. Stedman, however, critic, and poet, was a somewhat familiar with the best literature for a man of his time; only Lowell could

(1) *Lowell, Convention and Revolt in Poetry*. Chap. VII
(2) *from a talk on Whitman by E. Clarence Stedman*.

match him; and the consciousness of this tradition always influenced his work, although he agreed with Lowell's criticism of an early classical piece which he had written, that we already had enough poetry of that sort, because "A new-land calls for a new song." Direct imitation of course passed with his youth, but he could not write without comparing the old with the new. Nor is his attitude to be sneezed at, for there cannot for long be an isolation which does not result in the atrophy of the isolated part. He wrote of city life, first in a satiric, later in a romantic vein. He, like Emerson in the earlier generation, stands out for his intelligent estimate of Whitman whom he did not like, but of whom he was at least intellectually aware. Thomas Bailey Aldrich was an astute critic who was as detached in the judgment of his own poetry as he was in the judgment of others. Mr. Boynton compares his writing to "little steel engravings," that confess to "the fine simplicity of an accomplished woman of the world rather than of a village maiden." ⁽¹⁾ He was, like the two men who preceded him in this sketch a charming lyrist who will continue to give pleasure to those few readers who enjoy browsing among minor poets. Richard Watson Gilder was the most charming of this group of charming writers. Unlike the rest he never attempted to reach beyond the narrow span of the lyric. Unlike them he was neither obviously imitative, nor personally reminiscent and confes-

(1) A History of American Literature, p. 329.

before him, and the consciousness of this position always
 influenced his work, although he agreed with Lowell's
 criticism of an early critical phase which he had written.
 "I new-land critic for a new epoch," Bryant admitted at
 once passed with his youth, but he could not write with-
 out comparing the old with the new. For in his attitude
 to be expressed as, for some cannot for long be an isolation
 which does not result in the atrophy of the intellect itself.
 He wrote of only later, first in a satirical, later in a re-
 verent vein. He, like Emerson in the earlier generation,
 stands out for his intelligent estimate of English literature
 did not like, but at times he was at least intelligently
 aware. James Kelly Aldrich was an ardent critic and was
 as balanced in the judgment of his own poetry as he was
 in the judgment of others. Mr. Boynton once said his wife
 said to "little school exercises," that contrast to "the
 fine simplicity of an accomplished woman of the world
 rather than of a village maiden." (1) He too, like the two
 men who preceded him in this epoch a certain light and
 will continue to give pleasure to those few readers who
 enjoy browsing among minor poets. Richard Watson Dillier
 was the most charming of this group of charming writers.
 Unlike the rest he never attempted to reach beyond the
 narrow span of the lyric. Unlike them he was neither ex-
 visionally intuitive, nor personally resistant and conscious.

(1) A History of American Literature, p. 232.

sional. He wrote impersonal love lyrics of a rare beauty and exquisite delicacy which one found in the poems of Austin Dobson and Andrew Lang. Gilder's later poems reveal sociological and philosophical interests that do not plague the trifler with aesthetic bric-a-brac. He was, like Whitman, a disciple of Emerson, and reflected a similar train of thought. He was also one of the early experimenters to follow Whitman in the practice of ametric rhythms, although most of his writing was in meter. These New York poets, are chiefly important because they transmitted a rich and complex tradition to another generation, from the age of Edmund Clarence Stedman's *Poets of America* to the age of Jessie B. Rittenhouse's *Younger American Poets*.

There are two other poets of this period who remained in the metrical tradition and yet succeeded in making a stronger impression upon the next generation than any of the preceding. These two poets were Edward Rowland Sill and Emily Dickinson.

Edward Rowland Sill

Sill was an unusual fellow, out of joint with his age, never to make in his brief life a satisfactory adjustment with his surroundings. Born in New England he studied in Yale where he found the instruction dull and the professors stupid for lack of a living contact with the teeming life without. He turned to contemporary writing without

When I, the great impression I have given of a more recent
and explicit delivery which was found in the poem of
Augustus London and Andrew Lang. Elphinstone's later poems re-
veal sociological and philosophical interests that do not
appear in the earlier work mentioned above. He was,
like Whitman, a disciple of Emerson, and reflected a simi-
lar faith in progress. He was also one of the early ex-
perimentalists to follow Whitman in the creation of a poetic
register, although most of his writing was in meter. These
New York poets, who early in the century became very famous,
offered a new and original contribution to American literature.
From the way of William Whitman's poems of America
to the way of Lewis R. Elphinstone's younger American
poets.

There are two other poets of this period who remained
in the traditional tradition and yet succeeded in making a
stronger impression upon the next generation than any of
the preceding. These two poets were Edward Taylor and
and Philip Barlow.

Edward Taylor (1662-1729)

Will was an unusual writer, one of those who are
never to make in his brief life a satisfactory statement
with his surroundings. Born in New England he studied in
Ireland where he found the instruction that he the professor
should not lack of a living contact with the English life
without. He turned to contemporary writing without

curriculum for that contact, and made it. He was, however, no sooner through with his course than he was forced to California for his health. He went by sea, rounding the Cape with men who were not academic, to work at odd jobs on the coast with other pushing pioneers, and this life also he found not to his liking. He returned East to study for the ministry, but less than a year in a theological seminary convinced him that he could not work with an institution so chained to the past, and he withdrew in disgust. His next venture was in New York journalism, where he appears to have been equally unhappy, finding nothing to warm the heart in the ideals of the Knickerbocker literati of the ilk of Boker and Read and Stoddard and Stedman. He again turned West going to Ohio, where he taught school for a living, drifting thence to California where he taught in high school and college until he gave up his position in the University of California which had become intolerable "for reasons that are not for pen and ink", and returned to Ohio there to live until his death. He was a queer sort, as out of place in the gilded age, as had been "the ineffable angel" ⁽¹⁾ whom Miss Wylie imagined as making the same pilgrimage fifty years earlier. He chafed at the cloistered life of the schools and at the rugged, unprotected life of the frontier. He despised the conservatives and was uncomfortable among the radicals. He was offended by the demands of organized religion, yet he

(1) The Orphan Angel, Knopf, 1926.

curriculum for that country, and made it. He was, how-
 ever, no sooner through with his work than he was sent
 out to California for his health. He went by sea, remain-
 ing the days with men who were not academic, so that at
 odd jobs on the coast with other practical elements, and
 this life also he found not to his liking. He returned
 back to study for the ministry, but soon found a year in a
 theological seminary convinced him that he could not work
 with an institution so chained to the past, and he with-
 drew in disgust. His next venture was in New York jour-
 nalism, where he appears to have been equally unhappy.
 Finally coming to enter the heart in the ideas of the
 Reichsbanner interest of the ilk of books and facts and
 statistics and numbers. He again turned away from so sterile
 where he found no room for a living, drifting chance to
 California where he taught in high school and college un-
 til he gave up his position in the University of California
 which had become intolerable "for reasons that are not for
 pen and ink", and returned to Ohio where he lived until his
 death. He was a great sort, as out of place in the village
 as he had been "the intellectual angel" (1) when this style
 insisted on making the same pitifully little points of view
 the object of the celebrated life of the village and at the
 request, unrecalled life of the frontier. He despised the
 conservative and was unimpressed by the social and religious. He
 was offended by the demands of organized religion, yet he

(1) The Orphan Angel, Knopf, 1938.

was naturally religious and longed for the sustaining friendship of men who were like minded. He was from his youth inhibited by ill health from prolonged and intense activity, and his poetry is the reflection of a soul turned in upon itself. The desire for a reunion with nature, his mother, not that he might enjoy a new and vigorous birth but that he might sense again the pre-natal luxury of effortless content is the theme of poem after poem. It is in "Among the Redwoods", in "Reverie", in "Tranquillity", "Desire of Sleep," "Wiegenlied", and elsewhere.

Weep not, think not, but rest!
 The stars in silence roll;
 On the world's mother breast,
 Be still and sleep my soul!

He reminds one sometimes of Wordsworth, whose tranquility he admired. Professor Pattee has compared him to Clough, (1) who was troubled by the materialism of the age but who revolted against it with more vigor and more impetuosity. He has been compared by Kreymsborg to Frost and Robinson; (2) like Frost and Robinson he was impressed by the futility of much that we dream and do; like them he was a poet of profound pity; like them he achieved through restraint. His portraits of people such as "His Last Day" and "Fulfillment" remind one of the portraits of Frost. Ironical little studies in which he refuses to tell the story, save in an oblique

(1) American Literature since 1870, p. 344.

(2) Our Singing Strength, p. 186, 190.

was naturally religious and looked for the most-likely
 friendship of men who were like himself. He was from the
 youth inhibited by ill health from exercise and intense
 activity, and his power in the direction of a great
 turned in upon itself. The desire for a reason with an-
 sure, his mother, and that he might enjoy a new and vigorous
 birth but that he might sense again the physical injury
 of effortless against the force of poor effort power. It
 is in "Among the Nations", in "Havens", in "Transcendental",
 "Poets of Mass.", "Imagined", and elsewhere.

Keep not, China not, but still
 the state in silence still;
 On the world's a mother breast,
 He still and alone as well!

He reminds me sometimes of Emerson, whose transcendental
 he abated. Emerson's father was compared him to Emerson.
 who was troubled by the water/air of the sea and the
 valued against it with more vigor and more independence. He
 has been compared by Emerson to Frost and Robinson;
 like Frost and Robinson he was interested in the falling of
 snow that we dream and so; like them he was a poet of the
 found pity; like them he analyzed through resistance. His
 portraits of people such as "The Last Day" and "The Illusion"
 remind one of the portraits of Frost. Frost's little studies
 in which he refused to tell the story, was in an effort

(1) American Literature since 1870, p. 346.

(2) Our Singing Strength, p. 186, 187.

fashion, as in "Her Explanation", "Eve's Daughter", "Quem Metui Moritura", "Roland" and "Strange". He was fond, too, of the epigrammatic ending that closes a poem with the crack of a whip-lash, a trick which O. Henry and others since his time have used so effectively in the short story. In "His Last Day", an old man finishes an account of his rather fruitless adventure, explaining,

"With a smile a little grim
Why a world he loved so well,
Had no larger fruit for him."

He of Roland, a "foolish creature full of fears",

"With timid foot he touched each plan,
Sure that each plan would fail;
Behemoth's tread was his, it seemed,
And every bridge too frail. "

In "Truth at Last", he visions a man riding consciously to his death on an avalanche.

"'Tis something, if at last
Though only for a flash, a man may see
Clear-eyed the future as he sees the past,
From doubt, or fear, or hope's illusion free."

It is the fact that Sill was a link between the romantic and hopeful early nineteenth century and the disillusioned and rather hopeless early twentieth century that makes him more important for the history of American poetry than the equally virtuous artist from the South or New York or New England. He was an artist, scrupulously clean in his technique, but he was more. Offended by the rowdy frontiersmen like Harte and Miller, contemptuous of the eastern dilettanti like Stoddard and Read, he achieved the tempo of the years

Question, as in "The Experiment", "The's Daughter", "The
 Moral Nature", "The's Daughter", "The's Daughter", "The's Daughter",
 of the experiment which that shows a new with the
 track of a whip-lash, a track which is. Henry and others
 since the time have used so effectively in the short story.
 is "The Last Day", an old man's life as a record of his
 rather trivial events, explaining.

"With a smile a little grim
 Not a word he loved to tell,
 Had he longer faith for him."

He of course, a "The's Daughter" (The's Daughter).

"With a smile he looked down upon him,
 Not a word he loved to tell,
 Had he longer faith for him."

is "The Last Day", a volume of the same connection to
 his death on an experiment.

"The's Daughter", 17 of 18

Those only for a time, a man may see
 Clear-eyed and clear as the sea,
 from doubt, or fear, or hope's illusion free."

It is the last will was a link between the two.
 the and hopeful early nineteenth century and the disillusioned
 and rather hopeless early twentieth century that make his
 more important for the history of American poetry than the
 usually virtuous artist from the South or New York or New
 England. He was an artist, unapologetically clear in his last
 stages, but he was more. Offered by the newly Protestant
 like Burke and Miller, beneficiaries of the eastern ill-thought
 like Stanford and Reed, he achieved the scope of the years

to follow in which those two emotions were to unite to foster some of the finest poetry of the time.

Emily Dickinson

The second metrical poet of this time who has had a much greater vogue than Sill and has probably exerted a more profound and more wide reaching influence upon recent American poetry than any other poet of her time save only Whitman is Emily Dickinson. Miss Dickinson was an Amherst recluse who did not write for publication but for the sheer joy of writing. She was therefore uninfluenced by her audience; her work is pure self-expression. Only two or three poems were issued during her life time, poems she gave to Thomas Wentworth Higginson, a friend of her family's for publication in the Atlantic. Mr. Higginson, who after her death issued a collection of her poems in three small volumes, regarded her as a close rival in excellence to Helen Hunt, "the greatest woman poet whom America had produced" to whom by a coincidence she gave one other poem for an anthology. Her poems, even with his praise, made no great noise at the time, and even now opinion as to her merit appears to be divided. If one looks through manuals of American literature designed for the instruction of the young, he will find her unmentioned or dismissed in a dozen words along with other nobodies. Even Mr. Pattee, who is unusually fair, in his History of American Literature Since 1870, finds the

(1) History of American Literature Since 1870, p. 241.

(2) Blanchi, Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson.

to follow in which these two emblems were so united to
together some of the finest poetry of the time.

Emily Dickinson

The second historical poet of this time who has had a
much greater regard than any other poet of her time have any
more profound and more wide reaching influence upon present
American poetry than any other poet of her time have any.
This man is Emily Dickinson. Miss Dickinson was an un-
known poet who did not write for publication but for the
joy of writing. She was a true universalist of her
generation; her work is pure self-expression. Only two or
three poems were known during her life time, and these
to Thomas Wentworth Higginson, a friend of her father's for
publication in the Atlantic. Mr. Higginson, who after her
death issued a collection of her poems in 1890, well re-
spected her as a close rival in excellence to Helen Hunt.
"The greatest poem that has been written in America," he wrote
by a coincidence she gave one other poem for an edition.
Her poems, even with this delay, were no great matter at the
time, and even now opinion as to her worth appears to be
divided. It has been known many of the best American liter-
ary men designed for the instruction of the young, as well as
her unmentioned or mentioned in a dozen words along with
other notable. Even Mr. Lowell, who is usually first in
his history of American literature since 1870, gives her

poems "disappointing". "It is becoming clear", he says, "that she was overrated. To compare her eccentric fragments with Blake's elfin wildness is ridiculous. They are mere conceits, vague jottings of a brooding mind; they are crudely wrought, and like their author's letters, which were given to the public later, they are colorless and for the most part lifeless. They reveal little of Emily Dickinson or of human life generally. They should have been allowed to perish as their author intended." ⁽¹⁾ Which would appear to settle it as far as academic critics are concerned. There are, nevertheless others who feel differently about them. Such men as Louis Untermeyer, Clement Wood, Mark Van Doren, Alfred Kreymborg, Robert E. Rogers, Conrad Aiken, Herbert S. Gorman, Louis Mumford, Rolfe Humfries,-- the list might go mad at its heterogeneity--can hardly find words for their wonder, nor are they much more fortunate as yet in laying a logical foundation such as all men devise as a defense for their emotions. The poet, who was even less differential to logic than the majority of her proverbially instinctive sisters, once wrote casually in a letter, "If I read a book and it makes my whole body so cold no fire can ever warm me, I know it is poetry. If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know this is poetry. These are the only ways I know it." ⁽²⁾

(1) History of American Literature Since 1870, p. 341.

(2) Bianchi, Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson.

Her own poetry, which is as mystical as Emerson's and Jones Very's, which, in spite of Pattee, does take the reader back to Blake and to Vaughan and the seventeenth century religious lyrists, has upon the modern reader the effect she noted in her letter, and no enumeration of her faults like Pattee's and no logical demolition of her mysticism like Professor Pitkin's in As We Are⁽¹⁾ can change the fact that Emily Dickinson has enchanted a wide audience of discriminating readers.

Emily Dickinson was born into a well-to-do home of culture and refinement in the town of Amherst. In that town she lived all her life and in the end she died there. Here she made vibrant contacts with nature and people, and here she looked into herself. Her published letters and poems reveal her as a charming poet and as an elfin letter-writer. Dazed once by passion, which threatened to shatter the world she loved, she renounced passion. Confronted by social contacts that threatened the same serene adjustment she renounced social contacts and became a recluse. Her friends other than the members of her family she kept at a distance, talking through the veil of the epistle, behind which she could preserve her precious freedom. Her extraordinary personal charm which glimpses through letter and poem in a most tantalizing way has caught the attention of every reader from Mr. Higginson to the present time, so that an estimate of her poetry as a thing in itself has become rare among reviewers. Just what is her art and what is its virtue?

(1) As We Are. Stories of Here and Now, p. XI.

Her own society, which is as typical as Emerson's and Jones
 Very's, which is quite of the same order, take the reader back
 to Blake and to Wordsworth and the seventeenth century. The
 same is true, however, as upon the modern rather the classic and
 noted in her letter, and no suggestion of her family like
 Father's and no logical deduction of her position like
 Professor Wither's is to be seen. (1) The fact that
 Emily Dickinson has attracted a wide audience of distin-
 guished readers.

Emily Dickinson was born into a well-to-do home of
 culture and refinement in the town of Amherst. In that
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 Here she made vibrant contacts with nature and people, and
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 of every reader from Mr. Higginson to the present time, so
 that an estimate of her poetry as a thing in itself has be-
 come rare among reviewers. Just what is her art and what
 is its virtue?

Her poetry is the fine flower of New England puritanism. Like all puritan literature, which has its eye on the soul and the soul's event, her poems are lyrical. With ironic gaze she patiently examined her own heart in all its relations. She caught the momentary pose, the escaping, half-formed idea, the desire, the fear that became sometimes a hope sometimes a horror, and she set them down exactly as she had observed them. And the fragmentary songs in which she preserved these observations are sharp in outline, vivid in color, economic in extent. Like all other Puritans too, she was a metaphysician seeking the ultimate meaning of nature, of life, of death, and of the soul's way-faring, and like the greatest Puritans she was a free-thinker and a mystic as well. She therefore had no hesitancy in disregarding forms that did not meet her needs, and dispensing with conventions that seemed to her to be empty of value. And as a mystic she found spirit everywhere to communicate with her spirit, until she arrived at a sort of pantheism through mystic realization rather than philosophic intellection. Genius that she was she translated the most abstract and intangible things into concrete imagery, a device which aided not only in economy of expression but in sharpness of idea.

Her technique was modern, or if one prefers, most ancient. She found the simplest meters sufficient unto her needs; almost every poem she wrote is in a common stanza

Her poetry is the fine flower of New England patri-

tarianism. Like all purified literature, which has its eye

on the soul and the soul's events, her poems are typical.

With ironic grace she patiently examined her own heart in

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A device which aided not only in economy of expression but

in sharpness of idea.

Her technique was modern, or if one prefers, most ad-

vanced. She found the simplest words sufficient and her

needs; almost every poem she wrote is in a common stanza

made up of a three-or-four-stressed iambic rhythm. Rime or assonance usually accompany the meter. Yet in spite of this meagre scantiness of forms, she achieved alone and without the encouragement of any clique or coterie almost all that the imagists were pleading for in 1914 and 1915 in the manifestoes of Ezra Pound and Amy Lowell.⁽¹⁾ Here is always the exact image, used more effectively than any of the imagists used it except in their finest poems, for here the image is forever becoming a symbol as well; no vague generalities however magnificent and sonorous, and no images for merely decorative purposes. Here is the language of common speech, the exact word, not the nearly exact or the merely decorative. Here is poetry that is hard and clear; here is the hardest concentration in American poetry. When one remembers that these poems written often upon irregularly shaped scraps of waste paper, never prepared for publication by the author and never winnowed by her, sometimes left unfinished, have been collected by relatives and friends and have been variously edited, one is astonished at the surprisingly large number of perfect poems. We know from the manuscripts that have survived that she was in the habit of writing over and over in search of the perfect form, that some of her deviations from the norm were quite deliberate. Indeed some of her quartrains rival Tabb's, or even Landor's, in their precision. Sensitive, whimsical, witty, ecstatic, indifferent, ironic,

(1) Cf. Miss Lowell's essay on Emily Dickinson in *Poetry and Poets*, p. 88ff.

mystical, vain, Emily Dickinson has left herself in her lyrics, little poems that are mordant etchings of some particular vision or some special attitude or some exact idea. One can understand the mood of the newspaper critic--was it Robert Hillyer?--who wrote, "Shakespeare created Ariel and mother nature not to be outdone by her gifted child created Emily Dickinson." (1)

Two or three poems must suffice as samples of this excellence.

I'm nobody! Who are you?
Are you nobody, too?
Then there's a pair of us--don't tell!
They'd banish us, you know.

How dreary to be somebody!
How public, like a frog
To tell your name the live long day
To an admiring bog!

Faith is a fine invention
For gentlemen who see;
But microscopes are prudent
In an emergency!

A deed knocks first at thought,
And then it knocks at will.
That is the manufacturing spot,
And will at home and well.
It then goes out an act,
Or is entombed so still
That only the ear of God
Its doom is audible.

(1) Quoted from memory

question. Vain, Emily Dickinson has left herself in her lyrics.
little poems that are written at some particular
vision or some special attitude or some great idea. One can
understand the mood of the newspaper critic--was it Robert
Blyth--who wrote, "Dickinson's greatest gift and greatest
nature not to be confused by her gift and Emily
Dickinson." (1)

Two or three poems must suffice as samples of this
excellence.

I'm nobody! Who are you?
Are you nobody, too?
Then there's a pair of us--don't tell!
They'd banish us, you know.

How dreary to be somebody!
How public like a frog
To tell your name the livelong day
To an admiring bog!

Belief is a fine invention
For gentlemen who see;
But microscopes are prudent
In an emergency!

I don't know! First at breakfast
And then at lunch and at night,
That is the melancholy mood,
And will of home and wife.

If then goes out an eye,
Or is wounded or still
That only one eye of God
The door is visible.

Did the harebell loose her girdle
 To the lover bee,
 Would the bee the harebell hallow
 Much as formerly?

Did the paradise, persuaded
 Yield her moat of pearl,
 Would the Eden be an Eden
 Or the Earl an Earl?

I held a jewel in my fingers
 And went to sleep,
 The day was warm, and winds were prosy;
 I said: "Twill keep."

I woke and chid my honest fingers
 The gem was gone;
 And now an amethyst remembrance
 Is all I own.

The leaves like women, interchange
 Sagacious confidence;
 Somewhat of nods, and somewhat of
 Portentious inference,

The parties in both cases
 Enjoining secrecy,--
 Inviolable compact
 To notoriety.

My life closed twice before its close;

It yet remains to see
 If immortality unveil

A third event to me,

So huge so hopeless to conceive,
 As these that twice befell.

Parting is all we know of heaven
 And all we need of hell.

At least to pray is left, is left,

O Jesus! in the air

I know not which thy chamber is,--

I'm knocking everywhere.

Did the Marshall Jones for little
To the tower see,
Would the see the Marshall Jones
Knew as formerly

Did the Marshall Jones, surrounded
Knew the Marshall Jones of heart,
Would the Marshall Jones as when
Or the Marshall Jones

I held a jewel in my fingers
And went to sleep,
The day was warm, and winds were strong;
I said: "Till I sleep."

I woke and held my honest fingers
The day was warm;
And now an honest finger
Is all I own.

The leaves like women, intermingled;
Spirits of the air;
Some of the air, and some of the
Portentous influence,

The parties in both cases
Spirits of the air;
Invincible power
To conquer.

My life closed twice before its close;
It yet remains to see
If I can live again;
A third time to me.

So have no doubts to yourself,
As these that I have said;
For I am all we know of heaven
And all we need of hell.

At least so Gray is left, he left,
O Jesus! in the air;
I know not which way I am going,
I'm knocking everywhere.

Thou stirrest earthquakes in the South,
 And maelstorm in the sea;
 Say, Jesus Christ of Nazareth,
 Hast thou no arm for me?

Lay this laurel on the one
 Too intrinsic for renown,
 Laurel! veil your deathless tree,--
 Him you chasten, that is he!

THE SECOND GENERATION AFTER WHITMAN

Most of the writers of--shall we say--the second generation after Whitman, writers whose career falls in the eighties and nineties rather than the seventies and eighties, did not close the gates of their interest against every excellence that was not native to these shores as did the popular poets, nor did they megaphone the greatness of the pioneer in this country as did Whitman in a measure and as did Miller and later disciples of Whitman without restraint. Educated in eastern universities and in semi-religious secondary schools patterned after the great public schools of England, living close to the Atlantic seaboard where European ideas gained the most immediate and the most general currency and where the sense of filial relationship to Europe was strongest, at a time when Lowell, Longfellow, Taylor, Stedman and Aldrich were turning from the American scene to Europe and the Orient for the matter of composition, and when Howells and James, having mastered the theory of the great European novelists--George Eliot, Leo Tolstoy, Emile Zola, and the brothers

These different circumstances in the north,
and especially in the west,
say, these things of the north,
that have no one for any

say this is the one
the influence for reason,
that is, your business, that is,
the one question, that is, the

THE SECOND GENERATION AFTER MILLER

Most of the writers of--shall we say--the second genera-
tion after Miller, writers whose career falls in the nineties
and nineties rather than the eighties and nineties, did not
share the same of their interest against every excellence
that was not native to these shores as did the pioneer poets,
nor did they reproduce the greatness of the pioneer in this
country as did Miller in a measure and as did Miller and
later disciples of Miller without restraint. Heated in
eastern universities and in semi-religious secondary schools
patterned after the great public schools of England, living
close to the Atlantic seaboard where European ideas gained
the most immediate and the most gradual currency and where
the sense of filial relationship to Europe was strongest,
at a time when Lowell, Longfellow, Taylor, Stearns and Aldrich
were turning from the American scene to Europe and the Orient
for the matter of composition, and when Howells and James,
having mastered the theory of the great European novelists--
George Eliot, Leo Tolstoy, Emily Zola, and the brothers

Goncourt, were giving their days to the development of a faultless technique, these writers of the nineties came into their inheritance. They grew up to love decorum and hate crudeness with as much integrity as their forefathers had loved righteousness and hated sin. They were not given to enthusiasm, for enthusiasm is always in danger of becoming unseemly. They were many of them impeccable artists who kept up the tradition of fine writing and passed that tradition on to Robinson and Frost and Millay. Some of them have added pleasant poems to the anthology of minor poetry that some of us would hate to forget. There were a few men: William Vaughn Moody, Richard Hovey, John Boyle O' Relly, George Edward Woodbury, Clinton Scollard, Madison Cawein, James J. Roche, Thomas S. Jones, Samuel M. Peck, Frank Dempster Sherman, Robert Loveman, Robert Burns Wilson, Bliss Carmen, Ridgeley Torrence, H. C. Bunner, Guy Wetmore Carryl, Henry Van Dyke, George Santayana, Trumbull Stickney, Edwin Markham, and George Sterling; and some women: Edith M. Thomas, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Louise Imogen Guiney, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Anna Hempstead Branch, Susan Cleg-horn, Ina Coolbrith, Katherine Lee Bates, Helen Gray Cone, Josephine Preston Peabody, Alice Brown, Mary Mc Niel Fennel-losa. This catalogue might easily be doubled in length, but it is long enough to show what a lively period this "mauve" period was in American poetry. Let us resort to the method of sampling, choosing for samples poets who seem to

were giving their days to the development of a
technical technique, those writers of the minor
late their laborers. They grew up to love nature and
have experience with as much industry as their laborers
had loved righteousness and called it. They were not given
to enthusiasm, for enthusiasm is almost in danger of be-
coming useless. They were many of them impossible artists
who kept up the tradition of fine writing and passed that
tradition on to Robinson and Frost and Kilgus. Some of
them have added pleasant names to the anthology of minor
poetry that some of us would like to forget. There were a
few men: William Jackson Howells, Richard Henry Stoddard,
O. Henry, George Edward Woodbury, William Brewster, William
Cavendish, James A. Hoose, Thomas A. Jones, Samuel M. Peck,
Frank Dempster Sherman, Robert Loverin, Robert Burns Allen,
Miss Grew, Elizabeth Torrance, H. C. Hamner, Guy Bennett,
Curtis, Henry Van Dyke, George Washington, Wendell Phillips,
Karin Hansen, and George Sterling; and some women: Edith
M. Thomas, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Louise Imogen Guiney,
Alice Woodworth Howe, Anna Emmett Brown, Susan Clap-
ton, Mrs. Coolidge, Katherine Lee Bates, Helen Gray Johnson,
Josephine Preston Knapp, Alice Brown, Mary Mc Elreath,
and. This catalogue might easily be doubled in length.
But it is long enough to show what a lively poetry this
"new" period was in American poetry. Let us resort to the
method of sampling, choosing for sample poets who seem to

be more alive today than their fellows. Of the men these are Richard Hovey, William Vaughan Moody, Edwin Markham, George Sterling, George Santayana, and Trumbull Stickney; of the women; Lizette Woodworth Reese, Louise Imogen Guiney and Anna Hempstead Branch.

Richard Hovey

Richard Hovey, a rebellious writer of the nineties, came out of the middle west as did Moody, but he seems more essentially eastern even than Moody. He was educated in the city of Washington and at Dartmouth College from which he graduated in 1885. He attended the General Theological Seminary in New York to prepare for the ministry, and he later served as lay assistant in a New York Church. He left the church for the press, left the press for the theatre, left the theatre for a professorship in Barnard. Hovey died in 1900 at the age of thirty-six. He had the fortune to achieve popularity almost at the beginning of his brief career. His critical writings reveal that he held romantic ideals of a high order touching a poet's mission. He wrote in the Dartmouth Magazine: "It is not his (the poet's) mission to write elegant canzonettas for the delectation of the Sybaritic dilettanti, but to comfort the sorrowful and hearten the despairing, to champion the oppressed and declare to humanity its inalienable rights, to lay open to the world the heart of man, all its heights and depths, all its glooms and glories, to reveal the beauty in things

he were alive today than their fellows. Of the men there
 was Richard Henry, William Vaughan Moody, John W. Barker,
 George Sterling, George Satterly, and Thomas S. Atkinson;
 of the women; Misses Woodworth, Reed, Louise Jackson, and
 and Anna Katherine Brown.

Richard Henry

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 cated in the city of Washington and at Dartmouth College,
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 fortune to achieve popularity almost at the beginning of
 his brief career. His critical writings reveal that he held
 romantic ideals of a high order, founding a poet's mission.
 He wrote in the *Dartmouth Magazine*: "It is not his (the
 poet's) mission to write elegant canzonettes for the delight-
 ment of the Sybilistic aristocrat, but to comfort the sorrow-
 ful and soothe the despairing, to champion the oppressed
 and declare to the right the inalienable rights, to lay open
 to the world the heart of man, all its delights and desires,
 all its glooms and agonies, to reveal the beauty in things

and breathe into his fellows a love of it and so a love of Him whose manifestation it is.----In the appointed work of every people the poets have been the leaders and pioneers." (1) He achieved a conspicuous place in the regard of the more intelligent minority as the sort of poet he conceived a poet ought to be. Miss Rittenhouse opened her essay on him in her Younger American Poets with this: "Richard Hovey was a poet of convictions rather than of fancies in which regard he overtopped many of his contemporaries who were content to be 'enamored architects of airy rhyme.'" (2) The explanation of the comparative disregard into which he was to fall with the next generation was probably due not to his romantic notions which are quite in accord with those held by Whitman and Moody and the romantic realists of the second decade of the twentieth century, but rather to his failure to incorporate those ideals in his writing.

His ultimate failure was due to weaknesses inherent in his strength. Hovey had read enormously: the Elizabethans, the early nineteenth century romantics, Tennyson, the pre-Raphaelites, Swinburne, Dobson, Gosse, Lang, Kipling, Whitman, Verlaine, Maeterlinck, Mallarme and the later Symbolists. He was gifted with uncommon facility in riming, but his style was inevitably influenced by the writer who last

(1) Dartmouth Magazine, Vol. 20, p. 95.

(2) The Younger American Poets, p. 1.

caught his ear. His thinking was done with the counters all but the greatest use for a time so persistently that they lose all their early exact imprint of meaning. His imperialism, sanctified by holy words, read to the generation of the world-war like so much more pious piffle. Clever as he was, he seemed to the war generation to stand in relation to Moody much as Alfred Noyes stands in relation to Sandburg. To these critics his poetic dramas also, regarded by his own generation as his finest achievement, seemed a negative denial of his ideal, a retreat to the irony tower.⁽¹⁾

The thing that made Richard Hovey popular was his bohemian songs; the thing that commended him to the literati was his plays. His songs, influenced chiefly by the pounding rhythms of Kipling and by the same contagious love of adventure into the primitive, are infectious things. Taken for the things they are, they are fine poems and an addition to our literature; dissected for moral text and bardish prophecy, they are absurd. They belong to the "mauve" poetry of the American decadence, but they strike a more vigorous note than do the other poems of this school. They show the vigor of Henley and Kipling. They are compounded of wickedness and vigor instead of wickedness and weariness. They sing the courage of joy, the joy of courage. "Off with the Fetters", "Down the World with Marna!", "A Stone Jug and a Pewter Mug", "Comrades, Pour the Wine Tonight", "Give a Rouse, then, in the Maytime", "There's no Escape by the River": these are lovely songs, as are the songs of Dowson

(1) Cf. Floyd Dell, *Intellectual Vagabondage*, pp. 181-189, for a similar view.

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 of the American adolescence, but they strike a more serious
 note than do the other poems of this school. They show the
 vigor of Keats and Kipling. They are composed of rich-
 ness and vigor instead of richness and weariness. They
 are the courage of joy, the joy of courage. "Off with the
 fetters", "Down the world with chains!", "A stone for and a
 better way", "Remember, how the time tonight", "Give a
 hand, then, in the daytime", "There's no escape by the
 River": these are lovely songs, as are the songs of Dawson
 (1) Cf. Floyd Bell, *Intellectual Vegetarianism*, pp. 181-182,
 for a similar view.

and Symons and the English decadents, songs with an air which is all their own, songs which a minority with always treasure with other inestimable trifles in spite of the preference of the consensus of the high and the low, the brain and the muscle of his age and of this, for a seemingly sobriety.

The thing that made the cultured conservative praise Hovey was his lyric dramas that tinkle the technique of Swinburne and pose the pictorial charm of the symbolists. There is the same duality here that one finds in Kipling, a duality that weakens the poet, if you will, but does not weaken the poems. Kipling would swear and smirk and snicker to the delight of the young man, then remove his hat and intone a prayer for the elders. So Hovey would write,

"For we know the world is glorious
And the goal a golden thing,
And that God is not censorious
When his children have their fling;
And life slips its tether
When the boys get together,
With a stein on the table in the fellow-
ship of spring."

and in the same poem:

"Unfettered, swift, hawk-eyed, implacable,
The wonder-worker, Science, with his wand,
Subdues an alien world to man's desires.
And art with wide imaginative wings
Stands by, alert for flight, to bear his lord
Into the strange heart of that alien world
Till he shall live in it as in himself
And know its longing as he knows his own.
Behind a little, where the shadow falls,
Lingers Religion with deep-brooding eyes,
Serene, impenetrable, transpicuous
As the all-clear and all-mysterious sky,
Biding her time to fuse into one act.
Those other twain, man's right hand and his left."

and Symonds and the English Association, though with an air
which is all their own, some with a minority with always
presence with other intellectual critics in spite of the
preference of the consensus of the high and the low, the
brain and the muscle of his age and of his, for a society
society.

The thing that made the children conservative praise
Hovey was his lyric drama that finds the technique of
Salisbury and poses the historical drama of the symbolists.
There is the very quality here that one finds in Kipling,
a quality that warms the poet, it you will, but does not
weaken the poem. Kipling would never and never and never
her to the delight of the young men, then remove his hat
and lance - prayer for the elders. So Hovey would write,

"For we know the world is glorious
And the soul a golden thing,
And that God is not capricious
And that the children have their right;
And life shall be better
When the boys are together,
With a strain on the table in the hall -
Ship of a ship."

and in the same poem:

"Unlettered, with, new-eyed, impenetrable,
The water-walker, with his hand,
And his with the impenetrable thing
Stands by, alert for flight, he sees the last
into the strange heart of those alien words
Till he feels that it is his himself
And know the longing as he knows his own,
Behind a little, where the water falls,
His eyes with deep-aching eyes,
Some, impenetrable, impenetrable
As the all-thing and all-thing else,
His time to time late and not,
Those other things, and a right hand and his left."

And no one, the young or the old, seems to have suspected that he meant about as much by one as by the other. His dramas unlike his lyrics were lofty all the way through, the bright gleam of the flesh flashing only now and then as decorative flourishes. His over-ornamentation often mars the dramatic quality of these pieces, but one who can enjoy the fantasies of Maeterlinck and Yeats can enjoy these lyric dramas of Hovey. He formed a scheme of nine dramas in three cycles, each to contain a masque, a tragedy, and a romance, although he lived to complete only four dramas,

the first cycle composed of "The Quest of Merlin", The Marriage of Guinevere", and the "Birth of Galahad", and "Taliesin", the masque of the second. The first drama and the last are his first and his last books, and they reveal his growing mastery over poetic technique. His purpose, according to his friend Bliss Carmen, was to present "a modern instance stripped of modern dress," to sing of common human emotions in common situations, writing the score with old symbols, rich in connotation. "The Marriage of Guinevere" is the most moving of the poems, though it is less dramatic than "The Birth of Galahad" singing the joys of parenthood against the garish background of the Roman War. "The Masque of Taliesin", which is made up of lovely tableaux and rich varied metric, expresses the beautiful idealism of decadent philosophy more satisfactorily than any other poem by an American, so far as I know. That it is so much bunk need not disturb the gentle reader.

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 these lyrics of love. He wrote a volume of nine
 poems in three cycles, each to contain a message, a tragedy,
 and a romance, which he lived to complete only two poems.
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 Marriage of Ginevere", and the "Birth of Galahad", and
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 Ginevere" is the most moving of the poems, though it is
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 in so much more and more the poetic reader.

The best of Richard Hovey however is to be found in the poetry of William Vaughan Moody and Edwin Arlington Robinson. To have passed on the tradition of fine writing to the next generation is a notable deed.

William Vaughan Moody

William Vaughan Moody, cosmopolite, was, by nativity, a middle western poet, for he was born in Indiana of middle class parents, his father being a river boat captain. Orphaned in his youth he prepared himself for Harvard by doing country school-teaching between terms. He did his college work in three years and spent the following years in Europe as a tutor. The rest of his life was divided between teaching, study, and travel. His last three years, after he left the faculty of the University of Chicago, were devoted to writing. He died in 1910 at the age of forty-one. He had achieved distinction as a teacher, as a dramatist, and as a poet; he was a distinguished amateur painter. For all that Moody was born in the middle-west of middle class parents, and made the middle west his home, he was educated at Harvard and he was essentially a New Englander transplanted, as his parents probably were before him. Like the New England writers of an earlier day he remained an insistent moralist always sticking in the moral at all odds, and like eastern writers that immediately preceded him he profited by what Mumford called the pillage (1) of the past. He was, however, different from the mass of the writers of the time and the differences are significant.

(1) The Golden Day, Chap. V.

The best of Richard Henry Stoddard is to be found in the poetry of William Vaughan Moody and Edwin Arlington Robinson. To have passed on the tradition of the writing to the next generation is a notable deed.

William Vaughan Moody

William Vaughan Moody, cosmopolitan, was, by nature, a middle western poet, for he was born in Indiana of mid-19th century parents, his father being a river boat captain. Orphaned in his youth he prepared himself for Harvard by doing country school-teaching between terms. He did his college work in three years and spent the following years in Europe as a tutor. The rest of his life was divided between teaching, study, and travel. His last three years, after he left the faculty of the University of Chicago, were devoted to writing. He died in 1910 at the age of forty-one. He had achieved distinction as a teacher, as a dramatist, and as a poet; he was a distinguished student of middle class parents, and made the middle west his home. He was educated at Harvard and he was essentially a New Englander transplanted, as his parents probably were before him. Like the New England writers of an earlier day he remained an individualist always standing in the moral at all odds, and like eastern writers that immediately preceded him he gratified by what Whitman called the illness of the poet. He was, however, different from the mass of the writers of the time and the differences are significant.

In the first place he integrated the material he acquired from foreign writers, passing it through the fire of his own personality. The styles of the poets who interested him often reappear in his writing: Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, Morris, Browning; but the essence of the men who moved him: Homer, the Greek dramatists, Dante, and Whitman, as well as the English poets, he made his own. His enormous knowledge of myth, legend, and history coupled with an extensive and unfamiliar vocabulary make demands upon the reader that only writing of a high order can justify. His Yankee determination to write himself out often imposes unnecessary length upon poems that had been more successful had they been more incisive. His use of current events and the familiar American background in some of his poems, and his anachronous intertwinning of past and present in others link him with Whitman and Miller on the one hand and with Neihardt, Sandburg, Lindsay and Masters on the other. Like George Meredith in the older generation and John Davidson who was his contemporary in England, he was a poet of the new doctrine of evolution which began as a science only to become a metaphysic as well. His evolution, which is the underlying philosophy of his dramatic trilogy, is presented with the awkward humor of a metaphysician in "The Menagerie." Upon this museum of nature's experiments in the process of evolving man, he cogitates:

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 quired from foreign writers, knowing it through the time
 of his own personal life. The subject of the poems was in-
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 of fact and present in others link him with Keats and
 Coleridge on the one hand and with Whitman, Sandburg, Lin-
 coln and Langston Hughes on the other. Like George Bernard Shaw in the
 older generation and John Keats who was his contemporary
 in England, he was a poet of the new literature of America
 which began as a criticism only to become a reality as
 well. His evolution, which is the underlying philosophy
 of his dramatic writing, is presented with the highest
 humor of a metaphysician in "The Metaphysician". Upon this
 museum of nature's experiments in the process of evolution
 can be justified:

Survival of the fittest, adaptation,
And all their other evolution terms,
Seem to omit one small consideration,
To wit, that these things and things worse
Have come: there's a soul in everything
That suffers.

This soul working in all life helped to something higher,
Gave the evolutionary process toward and is still operant:

Man they desired, but what was
The reward and the loving yet to be?
I hardly wonder, when they came to know
The aspect of their sterility.
They feared with mixed emotions upon us.

The poem concludes on the same note:

If you're a sweet thing in a flower-bed and
Or her best fellow with his tucked in,
Don't quarrel over love's slightest tortures
Kidding as
An old companion with an old chin:
There may be hidden meaning in his grin.

which is very close to the doctrine of the English novelist
and critic Samuel Butler and the Hindu-converted poet of Beng-
al's Creative Evolution.

He did not have at hand the twentieth century psycho-
logical techniques any more than did I, but like I'll be
had the interest in the subjective aspects of experience
which were to engage the attention of a growing body of
writers in the next quarter century. Like Robinson, who
may have been directly influenced by him, he sometimes dis-
posed with narrative logic altogether. Sometimes such a
knowledge is presupposed, as in the "Use in Time of Necessi-
ties", where one must recall the story of Robert Louis Stevenson
and his black troops in the Civil War or he cannot understand

even remotely the emotion of the poet in the presence of the subjugation of the Philippines which was then current history. The same requirement is laid on the reader of "The Quarry." In "The Troubling of the Waters" he explores an emotion to which the events recounted lead. In "On the River", "The Bracelet of Grass" and "A Grey Dawn" he presents the moods of an inner drama, the outward events of which are left to the sympathetic imagination of the reader. Even the simplest lyrics dealing with a small palpable unity of tangible experience are obviously concretions of ideas of wide applicability, so that the reading of William Vanghan Moody is always an active experience and is frequently an invigorating one.

Moody wrote two plays for the stage, "The Great Divide", first called "The Sabine Women", and "The Faith Healer." "The Great Divide" is a popular presentation of an intense interest of the poet in the nature and function of woman which inspired some of his best work, as it did of Browning who was his favorite poet. Like Browning too he took a romantic view of woman as the fountain of human love at its purest and the river through which the divine love flows for the human race; she is at once Aphrodite and the Virgin. His finest woman poems are "Pandora's Song", "The Death of Eve", "I am The Woman", "Heart's Wild Flower", "The Golden Journey", and "The Daguerrotype". His most impressive poetry is probably in his poetic trilogy: "The Masque of Judgment"

in which he celebrates God's pyrrhic victory over mankind which had displeased Him by its godlike temerity: "The Fire-Bringer", in which he portrays man's pyrrhic victory over God through the mechanic arts which gave him control over his natural environment but left him out of touch with his creator; "The Death of Eve", an uncompleted fragment which reunited man to God through the instrumentality of a woman. This trilogy is in the tradition of great poetry, magnificent in conception, splendid in execution. Using the great myths of the Greek and Hebrew tradition as material, he himself has become a great myth maker.

One other comment remains to be made, plus a foot-note. Moody loved his country and its traditions. "Gloucester Moors" reveals his affection and his fear. He imagines society as a ship at sea.

By her battened hatch I leaned and caught
 Sounds from the noisome hold,--
 Cursing and sighing of souls distraught
 And cries too sad to be told.

He fears for the outcome of this voyage;

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,
 What harbor town for thee?
 What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,
 Shall crowd the banks to see?
 Shall all the happy shipmates then
 Stand singing brotherly?
 Or shall a haggard ruthless few
 Warp her over and bring her to,
 While the many broken souls of men
 Fester down in the slaver's pen,
 And nothing to say or do?

"The Ode in Time of Hesitation" is a terrible inditement of the policy of imperialism that had not been matched in polit-

in which he celebrates God's pyrrhic victory over mankind
 which had oppressed Him by its godlike humanity: "The
 Pyrrhic Victory", in which he portrays man's pyrrhic victory
 over God through the means of art which gave him control
 over his natural environment but left him out of touch with
 his creator: "The Beast of War", an uncompleted fragment
 which revealed man to God through the instrumentality of a
 woman. This trilogy is in the tradition of great poetry,
 magnificent in conception, splendid in execution. Using
 the great styles of the Greek and Hebrew tradition as material,
 he himself has become a great myth maker.
 The other comment remains to be made, since a foot-note.
 "Moore" reveals his country and its traditions. "Pyrrhic
 Victory" reveals his affection and his love. He remains so-
 cially as a man of war.

By her softened hand I loosed and caught
 Bonds from the noose of life --
 And cries for aid to me were said.

He learns for the outcome of this voyage;

But then, vast outburst of his soul,
 That never long for peace
 That shape, when they arrive, will
 Shall crowd the ranks to sea:
 Shall all the happy soldiers find
 Stand facing brotherly?
 Or shall a sacred silence fall
 Upon her over and bring her to
 While the many broken ranks of men
 Lie down in the slaver's pen,
 And nothing to say or do?

"The Old in Time of Resistance" is a terrible indictment of
 the policy of imperialism that had not been reached in 1911-

ical criticism since Whittier and Whitman and was not to be matched in the poetry of America until Carl Sandburg led the choir of revolutionary singers in the teens.

Though when we turn and question in suspense

If these things be indeed after these ways,
And what things are to follow after these,
Our fluent men of place and consequence
Fumble and fill their mouths with hollow phrases
Or for the end--all of deep arguments
intone their dull commercial liturgies--
I dare not yet believe! My ears are shut!

"On A Soldier Fallen in the Philippines" deals briefly with the same theme. "The Quarry" is a fine symbolical poem in which he again flays imperialism. "The Brute" moves from politics to economics; it is a study of the machine as an economic and social force. He recognizes the dangers that machinery brings, but he believed that man's intelligence will finally use it for the general good, and he does not fall into the error of damning it as have later nostalgic agrarians.

Now the foot note. Moody has earned a more distinguished place in our poetry than he has been accorded by the historians. Why is difficult to see. He was well informed, intelligent, and as earnest as was consonant with decorum. He evinced the interest in psychology and sociology which was to be the chief concern of the next generation. He was a philosophical poet who essayed with some success the grand style. His so-called obscurity, a quality which keeps all great books from the vulgar, ought not to disturb the histo-

local criticism since Whitler and Whitman had not yet
 as mentioned in the poetry of American until Carl Sandburg
 led the choir of revolutionary elements in the future.
 Through when we have not question in response

If these things be indeed after these things,
 And what things are to follow after these,
 Our future men of peace and conscience
 Fumble and fill their pockets with hollow promises
 Or for the end--all of deep significance
 In these things will be the end of things--
 I have not yet believed! My ears are deaf!

On a soldier killed in the Philippines" seems briefly with
 the same theme. "The Martyr" is a fine symbolic poem in
 which he again finds inspiration. "The Martyr" moves from
 politics to economics; it is a study of the machine as an
 economic and social force. He recognizes the dangers that
 machinery brings, but he believes that man's intelligence
 will finally use it for the general good, and he does not
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 was to be the chief concern of the next generation. He was
 a philosophical poet who engaged with good purpose the great
 issues. His so-called obscurity, a quality which keeps all
 great books from the vulgar, ought not to disturb the student

rians. The charge of obscurity against him must be set down as an error on the part of historians, who assume the role of passing judgment upon the authors and the books that are to be immortalized by an innocent and admiring nation. His most offensive trait, the self-distrust, which is sentimentally exhibited as though it were beautiful by many romantic poets, weeps through "The Daguerreotype", and may account for some of his failures, but there is no fumbling in his finest pieces.

Edwin Markham

Edwin Markham belongs with Moody. His position as a poet he was raised to by the multitudes who have been stirred by his great lyric, "The Man with the Hoe", vigorous and timely social criticism, and criticism too that shall be timeless while men make agents of men. "The Man with the Hoe" is his finest poem, but this old fashioned Jeffersonian democrat and militant Christian socialist has continued down to this present year to preach his gospel of social justice. "The Fear for My Country", "The Toilers", "The Jews", "The Chant of the Vultures", and "The Desire of Nations" sound the note of his earliest poem. His "Lincoln the Man of the People" is one of the great Lincoln poems. His quartrains, charming though they be, will be forgotten as will his nature poems and his love poems, and perhaps most of his appeals for justice, but he himself will be remembered as the apostle of

liberty. "It is enough" he sings,

"If we can be the bugle at her lips,
To scatter her contagion on mankind."

John Boyle O' Reilly

John Boyle O' Reilly, flaming Boston Irishman, and Charles Erskine Scott Wood, dithyrambic western Libertarian, deserve mention, for they too with Markham and the greater poet Moody helped to transfer the idea that great poetry came home to man's business and bosom through direct social criticism. Their efforts were to be seconded by a school of novel writers, deriving from Tolstoy through the agency of William Dean Howells who exemplified the theory that all good art reached its consummation in social amelioration.

George Sterling

Another poet who belonged to the period of Miss Rittenhouse's Younger Americans, to the decade that lies between 1890 and 1910, is George Sterling, the second distinguished Californian, standing between Joaquin Miller and Robinson Jeffers. Sterling was born in Sag Harbor, New York, and received his education in the East, but he moved to California in his late twenties and remained there until his death. He fell under the influence of Ambrose Bierce, the Bierce of Black Beetles in Amber and the Devil's Dictionary and the Gothic tale, and, at the same time, of Jack London, the London of Martin Eden and Burning Daylight and the Iron Heel, and

liberty. "It is enough" he said.

"If we can be the best at our time,
To master our education as we should."

John Boyle O'Reilly

John Boyle O'Reilly, Boston Librarian, and
Charles Sumner, Boston Librarian, were the
descriptive section, for they too with O'Reilly and the
most closely related to the other two great poets
and some to each's business and some through a direct
relation. Their efforts were to be rewarded by a number
of novel writers, especially those who through the agency
of William Dean Howells and exemplified the theory that all
good art reveals its demonstration in social evolution.

George Sterling

Another poet and writer in the period of this fifteen-
years' journey, George Sterling, was born in 1892 and
1893 and 1910, in George Sterling, the second distinguished
California, standing between Joseph Miller and William
Dellinger. Sterling was born in San Francisco, New York, and re-
ceived his education in the East, and he moved to California
in his late twenties and remained there until his death. He
fell under the influence of Andrew Blyden, the Master of
Black Poetry in Verse and the Black Poetry in Verse and the
poetic tale, and at the same time, at New London, the London
of Martin Eden and William Dillman and the Iron Horse, and

the Upton Sinclair of The Jungle and King Coal and Oil. and as these friendships indicate he oscillated with an irregular rhythm between aestheticism and propaganda. As a propagandist he wrote such lyrics as "To The Goddess of Liberty", "Babylon", "The House of Mammon" and "The Black Hound Bays", tempestuous proletarian propaganda. Where in revolutionary poetry of the muck-raking era can one find verse more gripping than his attack upon George H. Lorrimer, published not long before his death in The Liberator? The opening lines reveal the intense acerbity of the poem:

If the young folk build an altar to the beautiful and true,
Be sure the great dog Lorrimer shall lift a leg thereto.

However, Sterling was an aesthete, under the spell of virtuosity, which makes almost all the occidental poetry of the period so lovely and so minor. As an artist he composed his "Abalone Song", "Pumas", "The Black Vulture", "Omnia Exeunt in Mysterium", "The Master Mariner", "Last Days Kindred".

"The Dust Dethroned" and "Aldeberan at Dusk". He was a master of the sonnet. "The Black Vulture" is, perhaps, his most anthologised poem, and it illustrates as well as another his consummate art:

Aloof upon the days immeasured dome,
He holds unshared the silence of the sky.
Far down his bleak, relentless eyes, discry
The eagle's empire and the falcon's home--
Far down, the galleons of sunset roam;
His hazzards on the sea of morning lie;
Serene, he hears the broken tempest sigh
Where cold sierras gleam like scattered foam.
And least of all he holds the human swarm--
Unwitting now that envious men prepare
To make their dream and its fulfilment one,
When, poised above the caldrons of the storm,
Their hearts, contemptuous of death, shall dare
His roads between the thunder and the sun.

the Union Herald of the Union and the Union.

and as these friendships indicate he was not only a

freedom fighter but also a patriot and a statesman.

a propagandist he wrote such lyrics as "The Union of

Liberty", "The Union of Liberty", "The Union of Liberty",

and "The Union of Liberty". There is

revolutionary poetry of the anti-slavery era and one kind

verses more gripping than his attack upon George H. Norton.

explained not only before his death in the Union but

opinion lines reveal the intense sincerity of the poem:

It the young folk build an altar to the dead!

Be sure the altar has a living heart!

However, Sterling was an aesthete, under the spell of vir-

tuosity, which makes almost all the occidental poetry of the

period so lovely and so minor. As an artist he composed his

"The Union Song", "The Union Song", "The Union Song",

in "The Union Song", "The Union Song", "The Union Song",

"The Union Song" and "The Union Song". He was a

master of the sonnet. "The Union Song" is, perhaps, the

most successful poem, and it illustrates as well as another

his consummate art:

Alone upon the dome immersed alone,

He holds unshaken the silence of the sky.

For now his eyes, transcending space, survey

The eagle's eagle and the eagle's home--

For now, the eagle of ungodly race;

His banners on the sea of mortal life;

Because, he knows the power of the eagle's

There could be no other like creature known.

And least of all he holds the human power--

Gravelling now that eagle's nest and nest

To make their dream and the fulfillment one.

Then, soared above the eagle's nest, the eagle

Their hearts, companions of eagle, shall share

His vision between the eagle's nest and the eagle.

Sterling died as so many of his decadent brothers did, by his own hand. Mary Craig Sinclair says rather archly that he died of the nebular hypothesis,⁽¹⁾ which undermined his faith in the cosmos, broke the balance upon which he weighed the values of life, made of him a trifler who hunted surcease from sorrow in his cups. His despair wrote the "Testimony of the Suns" and the closing lines of "Truth".

Sterling alone, of the poets discussed in this group, lived long enough to observe the early work of the free verse poets of the next generation, and brought up as he had been in the tradition of the fine metric arts of the nineties he did not like it, although in his last days he praised Robinson Jeffers, who, despite his loose rhythms had many things in common with his older contemporary. Through Sterling two traditions moved, as they did through Moody, the democratic humanitarianism of Whitman and the earlier Emerson, and the love of exact metric, of the traditional forms of English poetry.

Two other poets of the time, George Santayana and Trumbull Stickney, do not show any local attachment or indigenous interests except incidentally. These men grew up in the day when cultural America was turning away from the crude pushing of the pioneers and the equally crude and more offensively crass politicians and big-business men of the Atlantic seaboard and the middle west to the sure, accepted beauty of European culture. Even the gross industrialist

(1) Quoted by Upton Sinclair, *Money Writes*, p. 164

attention that he was one of the most important persons in the
 his own hands. Henry David Thoreau, who was a very early
 he was of the highest importance, which was the result of
 faith in the power, power to believe upon which he was
 the values of life, and of his a brother who had been
 from sorrow in his eyes. His death was the testimony of
 the power and the closing lines of the poem.

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 and believe, who, despite the fact that he was a
 in common with his other contemporaries. Thoreau's
 two traditions moved, as they did through history, the deve-
 oped the possibilities of the new and the old. Thoreau
 and the love of exact words, of the traditional forms of
 English poetry.

Two other poets of the time, Henry Thoreau and
 Thoreau himself, do not show any local attachment or in-
 dication of any special interest. Thoreau was a
 in the day when the poet was a person who was
 crude passion of the poet and the quality of the work
 often very crude, which was his business and of the
 Thoreau himself was the result of the work, as was
 many of the other poets.

himself was adding ancient culture to his vast domains by the only method he knew; J. P. Morgan and Henry E. Huntington and Mrs. Jack Gardner were purchasing it outright. Now and then a man appeared who was able to absorb this culture and integrate it. Such men did not strive to add to their possessions something old and precious but extraneous to themselves. They were aware of culture as a stream that flowed without any hindrance from a dim antiquity to an equally dim future, and in this stream they lived quite naturally and unaffectedly. They were unaware that an American to be right was compelled to be consciously different from other races. They were enamoured of the classical virtues of precision and symmetry, and they made these virtues quite easily a part of their own writing and their own thinking. Two of them, Santayana and Stickney, happened to be poets, classic poets, poets of the intellect in an age given to very brave talking and very misty thought. They cap the pillar of clarity erected by Sill and Moody.

George Santayana

George Santayana was born in Madrid, and was educated at Harvard and at Berlin. He lived in Boston through his creative years, and has now returned to Spain to end his days in the hills of his childhood. His fame in his own day rested upon his philosophical explorations into the life of reason, where he held a position second only to that of Emerson and somewhat analagous of Emerson's in that both men were

himself was often asked whether he was really a
the only method he knew; J. P. Morgan and Henry M. Stanley
and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller were prominent in the list.
and then a few others who were not so prominent in the list
and interested in. Each was not active in one or more
operations involving his and previous but extensive in
themselves. They were aware of others as a class but
fellow without any hindrance from a his activity to be
usually his future, and in this stream they first came out
clearly and undoubtedly. They were aware that an activity
to be right was compelled to be occasionally different from
other cases. They were numbered of the classical virtues
of precision and exactness, and they made these virtues give
early a part of their own writing and their own thinking.
Two of these, Kant and Hegel, happened to be poets.
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grave thinking and very much to do. They had the ability
of clarity evoked by will and power.

George Santayana

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at Harvard and at Berlin. He lived in London through his
eventful years, and was returned to Spain in his old
days in the hills of his childhood. His home in his own day
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reason, where he held a position second only to that of Kant
and somewhat analogous to Emerson's in that both men were

creative writers in the high and somewhat arid region of the intellect. Scorned by the timid arrangers of the dead thoughts of the dead thinkers of a dead past, they have entered the realm of the immortals as creators. Unlike Emerson, Santayana withdrew from the present and all its concerns, making an abstract and ideal integration which left out the immediate, whereas Emerson took it in. His poems, like his philosophical dissertations, reveal the same abstraction from the ordinary concerns of life, and a soul surprisingly consistent from the beginning of his career. In his poems he is still the philosopher, oblivious to his surroundings, surrounded by his own eddying ideas.

A wall, a wall around my garden rear,
And hedge me in from the disconsolate hills;

Come no profane insatiate mortal near.
With the contagion of his passionate ills;
The smoke of battle all the valleys fills,
Let the eternal sunlight greet me here.

In another sonnet he writes.

Within my nature's shell I slumber curled,
Unmindful of the changing outer skies.

In utter isolation he permitted the rich legends of the past, the rich philosophies of the past to filter into his own being; thereafter he looked into himself. He is an intellectual poet, never an emotional one; his imagination is rather closely tethered. But he did look sharply into his own heart, and he has recorded what he saw there with rare clarity, rare precision, rare detachment. For the readers

creative writers in the high and somewhat artificial region of the intellect. Scorned by the field strategists of the day, the poets of the dead kingdom of a dead past, they have entered the realm of the immortal as creators. Unlike Emerson, Hawthorne, Whitman, and all the others, making an abstract and ideal statement which left out the immediate, where Emerson took it in. His poems, like the philosophical dissertations, reveal the same abstraction from the ordinary concerns of life, and a soul surprisingly consistent from the beginning of his career. In his poems as in his philosophical essays, allusion to his surroundings, surrounded by the two worlds.

A well, a well around my garden tree,
And hedge me in from the dissolving hills;
Come no more, I have said, my garden tree,
With the dead of the dissolving hills;
The smoke of battle and the voice of war,
Let the eternal sunlight greet me here.

In another poem he writes:

Within my nature's shell I clinger cling,
Unhappily of the changing outer things.

In other poems he permitted the rich legends of the past, the rich philosophies of the past to filter into his imagination; therefore he looked into himself. He is an intellectual poet, never an emotional one; his imagination is always sobered. But he did look sharply into his own heart, and he has recorded what he saw there with rare clarity, rare precision, rare detachment. For the reader

who are subjective, who enjoy the exploration of the sub-conscious, this poetry is an enduring joy. He never writes of the struggles of man against his fellows, or against a hostile nature, but of the equally fascinating though less obvious battle of one part of our nature against another. He concludes one of his fine sonnets on the problem of personality:

Happy the dumb beast, hungering for food
 But calling not his suffering his own;
 Blessed the angel, gazing on all good,
 But knowing not he sits upon a throne;
 Wretched the mortal pondering his mood,
 And doomed to know his aching heart alone.

Of this struggle within the soul to compass the reality of dream and reality of the ideal and the accidental fact, and to amalgamate them in an essential unity he confesses,

Even such a dream I dream, and know full well
 My waking passeth like a midnight spell,
 But know not if my dreaming breaketh through
 Into the deeps of heaven and of hell.
 I know but this of all I would I knew:
 Truth is a dream, unless my dream is true.

This juggling of elusive thought which characterizes all the poems of Santayana, even his love poems and his dramatic pieces, had no such adept in American poetry after Melville, except Emily Dickinson, a much greater poet, up to his time. Along with him there was Trumbull Stickney; in the next generation, E. A. Robinson; in 1930, Allen Tate, Louise Bogan, Leonie Adams and the rest of the new metaphysical school. Santayana is to me a very important man because he helped to keep alive the tradition of intellectual poetry, precise and decorous in an age that took no stock in things of the

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dream and reality of the ideal and the accidental fact, and
to amalgamate them in an essential unity he continues:

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My waking passion like a midnight spell,
But know not if my dreaming breaths through
Into the deep of heaven and of hell.
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spirit. Of the technical faults and more basic inadequacies of his writing, he himself was well aware:

"Of impassioned tenderness or Dionysiac frenzy I have nothing, nor even of that magic and pregnancy of phrase--really the creation of a fresh idiom which marks the high lights of poetry. Even if my temperament had been naturally warmer, the fact that the English language (and I write no other with assurance) was not my mother tongue would of itself preclude any inspired use of it on my part; its roots do not quite reach my center. I never drank in childhood the homely cadences and ditties which in pure spontaneous poetry set the essential key." (1)

His sense of rhythm is undeveloped; his use of diction is conventional; his virtue is in his supple and daring thought brought to illuminate the dark corners of the human mind, and, within his limits, the accuracy and precision of his diction; such poems as "I Would I Might Forget That I Am I", "As In The Midst Of Battle There is Room", "Unhappy Dreamer Who Outwinged In Flight", "I Could Believe That I Am Here Alone", "What God Will Choose Me From This Laboring Nation", "These Strewn Thoughts By The Mountain Pathway Spring", "We Need Must Be Divided In The Tomb", are worthy additions to the growing anthology of precious American poetry.

(1) Quoted by Kreymborg, *Our Singing Strength*, p. 279.

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 quality of his writing, he himself was well aware:
 "Of impersonal tenderness or disciplined strength I
 have nothing, not even of that magic and mystery of
 phrase-creativity the creation of a brand which makes
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(1) Quoted by Kreyenbore, Our Striking Strength, p. 27.

Joseph Trumbull Stickney

George Santayana was a Spaniard educated in this country and making it his residence for many years, but he was a Spaniard, and in his old age returned to Spain to live. He was thus hardly American at all. Joseph Trumbull Stickney was of Yankee descent on both his mother's and his father's side, but for all that he was even less indigenous as a writer than Santayana. Born at Geneva, he divided his earliest years between Geneva and Florence. When he was six years old his parents returned to America, but they made frequent trips abroad. He attended school only two terms during his whole boyhood, one term at a school in Clevedon, England and one at New York City, receiving most of his education at home. He entered Harvard in 1891 following the old curriculum: the classics, English composition, mathematics, philosophy with some Sanskrit, and was graduated with the highest honors in 1895. In the autumn of the same year he entered upon eight years of graduate study in Paris at the College De France and the Sorbonne, from which he received the degree of doctor of letters, the first American to receive such a degree. He had fitted himself to teach Greek; and after three months wandering in Greece he returned to Cambridge to become an instructor in Greek at Harvard. After one year of teaching, memorable to the few young men who had the good fortune to meet him, he died suddenly of brain tumor and was buried with his mother's people in Hartford, Connecticut.

Joseph Trumbull Gilman

Joseph Trumbull Gilman was a distinguished scholar in his own
 right and making it his residence for many years, but he was
 a scholar, and in his old age returned to his native
 home. He was a truly American at all. Joseph Trumbull Gilman
 was one of the most prominent in his country and his
 father's side, but for all that he was even less indigenous
 as a writer than Hawthorne. Born at Geneva, he divided his
 earliest years between Geneva and France. Even as was
 his father's side his parents returned to America, but they
 made frequent trips abroad. He attended school only two
 terms during his whole life, one term at a school in
 Liverpool, England and one at New York City, receiving most
 of his education at home. He entered Harvard in 1851 follow-
 ing the old curriculum: the classics, English composition,
 mathematics, philosophy with some science, and was graduated
 with the highest honors in 1855. In the summer of the same
 year he entered upon a year of graduate study in Paris
 at the Collège de France and the Sorbonne. From which he
 received the degree of doctor of letters, the first Ameri-
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 French citizen; and after three months studying in France he
 returned to America to become an instructor in Greek at
 Harvard. After one year of teaching, remarkable for the low
 young man who had the good fortune to meet him, he died
 suddenly of brain fever and was buried with his mother's
 people in Hartford, Connecticut.

He began to publish poetry during his first year at Harvard, serving the Harvard Monthly in a editorial capacity from the beginning of his career as a student and continuing with contributions of essay, story, and verse until his death. His only book published during his life time was Dramatic Verses, Boston, 1902. After his death his friends collected his unpublished poems, and issued from the house of Houghton Mifflin, The Poems Of Trumbull Stickney. His work is divided about equally between the lyric and the dramatic mode. His lyric poetry reveals a sincerity, a power, an intensity that one finds only in the most accomplished poets. He was a master of verbal melody, but achieved his almost uncanny power by the clear tones of idea chiming upon idea. One is amazed at the power of simple experience set out in such simple words; he is amazed at the power of what is left unsaid. Read "At St. Marguerite":

It rains, and all along and always gulls
 Career sea-screaming in and weather-glossed.
 It blows here, pushing round the cliff; in lulls
 Within the humid stone a motion lost
 Ekes out the flurried heart beat of the coast.

How good it is, before the dreary flow
 Of cloud and water, here to lie alone
 And in this desolation to let go
 Down the ravine one with another, down
 Across the surf to linger and to drown

The loves that none can give and none receive,
 The fearful asking and the small retort,
 The life to dream of and the dream to life!
 Very much more is nothing than a part,
 Nothing at all and darkness in the heart.

He began to publish poetry during his first year at Harvard, writing the Harvard Monthly in a editorial capacity from the beginning of his career as a student and continuing with contributions of poetry, story, and review until his death. His only book published during his life time was Dramatic Verse, Boston, 1902. After his death his friends collected his unpublished poems, and issued from the house of Houghton Mifflin, The Poems of William Slater. His work is divided about equally between the lyric and the dramatic modes. His lyric poetry reveals a elasticity, a power, an intensity that are found only in the most accomplished poets. He was a master of verbal melody, but achieved his almost unknown power by the direct force of ideas shining upon ideas. One is amazed at the power of simple experiences set out in such simple terms; he is amazed at the power of what is left unsaid. Read "At St. Marguerite":

It rains, and all night and always while
 Career has been in and without silence.
 It rains here, raining round the cliff, in loam
 Within the same stone a million long
 Knew out the fluted heart beat of the coast.

How good it is, before the heavy flow
 Of clouds and water, here to lie alone
 And in this darkness to let go
 Down the ravine and with another, down
 Across the earth to light and to dream

The loves that men can give and none receive,
 The fearful vision and the small relief,
 The life so close to and the dream so far,
 Very much more is known than a heart,
 Believing at all and knowing in the heart.

Read this:

Live blindly and upon the hour! The lord
 Who was the Future, died full long ago.
 Knowledge which is the Past is folly. Go,
 Poor child, and be not to thy self abhorred.
 Around thine earth sun-winged winds do blow
 And planets roll: A meteor draws his sword;
 The rainbow breaks his seven-colored chord
 And the long strips of river silver flow:
 Awake! give thyself to the lovely hours,
 Drinking their lips, catch thou the dream in flight
 About their frantic hairs 'aerial gold,
 Thou art divine, thou livest,--as of old
 Apollo springing naked to the light,
 And all his island shivered into flowers.

Hear the chime of old names in this octave:

Be still, The Hanging Gardens were a dream
 That over Persian roses flew to kiss
 The curled lashes of Semeramis.
 Troy never was, nor green Skamander stream.
 Provence and Troubadour are merest lies,
 The glorious hair of Venice was a beam
 Made within Titian's eyes. The sunsets seem,
 The world is very old and nothing is.

Stickney had the gift of song surely, but he also had within him the making of plays. His first volume contained two dramatic monologues, somewhat Browningsque, "Oneiro-polos", and "Ludovico Martelli". His second book contains two one-act plays, "Prometheus Pyrphoros", a scene dealing with the youth of Beuvenuto Cellini, one act from a play dealing with Julian the Apostate and a member of smaller fragments. What he might have done had he lived is of no concern to us. One of the little plays, however, reveals perhaps more vividly than any single lyric the virtue of his living upon the planet. In Prometheus Pyrphoros, the magnanimous heroic act of the Titan brought Pyrrha and

Need this:

live child, and when the hour. The first
 who was the father, died full of age.
 Knowledge which is the best is folly. Go,
 poor child, and be not so shy and shy.
 Around this world and where it is
 And please tell: A mother from his word;
 The reason for his never-ending word
 And the long story of river and flow:
 Answer! Give answer to his lovely heart.
 Defining their life, when the dream is light
 about their world with 'sacred gold.
 They are divine, and live, -- as of old
 Apollo's hearting asked to the light,
 And all his hand delivered into flowers.

Here the name of old name in this octave:

He still, the hanging garden were a dream
 that over forest roses flow to him
 The curled leaves of Semetaria.
 Troy never was, nor green Alexander stream.
 Province and Troadour are not his lies,
 The glorious pair of Venice was a dream
 Made within Tiber's eyes. The sunsets seem,
 The world is very old and nothing is.

Stichney had the gift of song rarely, but he also had
 within him the making of plays. His first volume contained
 two dramatic monologues, somewhat Browningesque, "Unsettled
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 with the youth of Hermann Goethe, and not from a play
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 fragments. What he might have done had he lived is of no
 concern to us. One of the little plays, however, remains
 perhaps more vividly than any other lyric the virtue of
 his living upon the planet. In "Prometheus Pythos", the
 magnificent hero's act of the Titan Prometheus Pythos and

Deukalion no joy, no release for toil and pain, but the motive of that splendid sacrifice and the gesture with which it was consummated were magnificent. He saw as did George Sterling the futility of all human life, but he saw what Sterling did not, the supreme excellence of an unconquerable mind. He admired the "Nike, proud the broken-winged" upon the cold, wind-swept battle plain of irretrievable defeat. Let us leave this poet, who is the most consummate artist of his day, with five lines from the Ludovico:

"I thought
To have plucked the yellow comets by their hair,
To have braided meteors, and from 'hind the moon
Robbed her society of the chanting tides.
I'd stand, my back to the seaward cliffs, at bay
And fight the wave."

Lizette Woodsworth Reese

Of the women of this time there are several worthy of particular mention because they seem in some way to have survived their time in work of an enduring excellence or in the influence they have exerted. Lizette Woodsworth Reese seems to fill both demands. She is a link in the chain of sweet simple singing between Emily Dickinson, who belongs to the older generation as a person although she comes to a later one as a poet, and the singers of our own day; Miss Teasdale, Mrs. Baker, and Miss Millay. The first little book by Miss Reese, A Branch of May, appeared in 1887 to be followed at intervals by A Handful of Lavender.

backed no less, as before, for toll and coin. But the
 motive of that splendid sacrifice and the gesture with
 which it was accompanied were magnificent. He saw as
 all George Sterling the beauty of all human life, and
 he was not deterred by the, the extreme excellence of
 an uncorrupted mind. He believed the "like, good the
 broken-angled" and the only, mind-geared with the plain of
 irresistible belief. Let us have this part, who is the
 most consummate artist of his day, with the lines from
 the following:

"I thought
 To have picked the last wicket by their belt,
 To have of that wicket, and then mind the wicket
 And then of that wicket, and then mind the wicket
 I'm afraid, of that wicket, and then mind the wicket
 And then mind the wicket."

Maxine Woodworth House

Of the women of this time there are several worthy
 of particular mention because they were in some way to
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 or in the influence they have exerted. Maxine Woodworth
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 women of a later time as a poet, and the writers of our own
 day. Maxine Woodworth, Mrs. Baker, and Miss Miller. The first
 little book of hers named A Garden of Joy, appeared in
 1887 to be followed at intervals by A Garden of Joy.

A Quiet Road, A Wayside Lute, Young Henrietta, and in 1923, Selected Poems. Up to her retirement a few years ago she taught English in a Baltimore high school. She is enamoured of the Elizabethan and the more simple and unaffected of the Jacobean poets, and most of her poems--one feels sure the best of them--are in such meters as Herrick used, although the poem by which she was honored in Baltimore recently when former students erected a bronze tablet bearing the poem they loved best was her sonnet "Tears". Her diction is the simplest, although remembrance of the poems she loves often gives it an antic flavoring. She has sharp eyes for the observations of her own country side, a keen sensitiveness to the immediate emotion; these she quaintly sings in English diction set to English meters. She is less robust than the Elizabethans, less colorful than either Emily Dickinson or Edna St. Vincent Milley, but she has helped to preserve the tradition of pure song in an age which has little of it, and she has added many perfect poems to the anthology.

The discriminating have always praised her. Stedman called her work "artistic, natural, beautiful with the old time atmosphere and associations, and at times rising to a noble classicism". (1) Miss Rittenhouse says "You shall not go to her for ethics, philosophy, nor instruction of any kind, for that is contrary to her creed." Her gift is "to

(1) American Poets.

be rare and quaint without being fantastic, to have swift conceiving fancy that turns into poetry the nearby thing that many overlook." (1) Mr. Kreymborg writes, "Her clear unassuming art has appealed to poets, rather than the public." (2) And this art which has pleased the discriminating for forty odd years will continue to please in years to be. The very persistence with which she has clung to her antiquated simplicity through four kingships and four revolutions: the decadent and naturalist, the imagist and the metaphysical, is a thing for wonder. This is her song, as she sings it in "At Fall of Dew",

Love came back at fall o'dew,
 Playing his old part;
 But I had a word or two,
 That would break his heart.

He who comes at candle light,
 That should come before,
 Must betake him to the night
 From a barred door.

This the word that made us part
 In the fall o'dew
 This the word that brake his heart--
 Yet it brake mine too.

For sharp observation that is more than observation.

Oh, hush, my heart, and take thine ease,
 For here is April weather!
 The daffodils beneath the trees
 Are all a-row together,

The thrush is back with his old note;
 The scarlet tulip blowing;
 And white--ay, white as my love's throat--
 The dogwood boughs are growing.

(1) American Poets, p. 45

(2) Our Singing Strength, p. 258

be rare and against almost being fantastic. To have any
conceiving that that takes into poetry the poetry which
that many overlook. "Mr. Freyberg writes, 'Not clear
unassuming art has appeared to poets, rather than the
public.'" (2) And this art which has pleased the discrimina-
ting for forty odd years will continue to please in years
to be. The very perfection with which she was able to
her anticipated simplicity through four kingdoms and four
revelations: the decadent and naturalist, the Imagist and
the metaphysical, is a thing for wonder. This is her song.

as she sings it in "At Fall of Day".

Love came back at Fall of day,
Playing his old song;
But I had a word or two,
That would break his heart.
He who comes at candle light,
That candle goes out,
Must wake me to the night
To a parted heart.

This the word that came to me
In the Fall of day
This the word that broke his heart--
Yet it broke mine too.

For every observation that is more than observation.

Oh, heart, my heart, and take this song,
For mine is April weather;
The bell-like hum of the bees
Are all a-tune together.

The lark is back with his old note;
The scented tulip blows;
and white-as, white as my love's throat--
The dogwood blossoms are growing.

(1) American Poets, p. 41
(2) Our American Strength, p. 228

The lilac bush is sweet again;
 Down every wind that passes,
 Fly flakes from hedgerow and from lane;
 The bees are in the grasses.

And grief goes out and joy comes in,
 And care is but a feather,
 And every lad his love can win,
 For here is April weather,

"Possessions" is a revelation of the quiet joy which inspired her singing,

An old and quiet house set down
 A windy field or two from town.
 And a great clump of lavender,
 All day with cross small bees astir.

Larkspur, hot blue as with a sting;
 And mint, so brief and sharp a thing.

Tall, well-thumbed books upon a shelf;
 A green white flowered jug of delf.

Old friends, who from the village walk
 On Sunday afternoons, to talk

Of the new shop; the guest from town;
 The wind that blew the apples down.

They go; the dusk comes from afar,
 Like music blown from out a star.

Those others drift across the dew;
 My early love--and you--and you!

And death, the curtain on the last quiet act is a very pleasant curtain; read "The Dust":

The dust blows up and down
 Within the lonely town;
 Vague, hurrying, dumb, aloof,
 On sill and bough and roof.

What cloudy shapes do fleet
 Along the parched street;
 Clerks, bishops, kings go by--
 Tomorrow so shall I!

No more. One could go on quoting immortal things from this poet as he could from Miss Dickinson, but he has to quit.

The little road in sunset
Down every side that
My friend from yesterday and from
The road was in the grass.

And every road and every name in
And every road and every name in
And every road and every name in
For here is a little road.

"Romantic" is a revelation of the world's joy which in-

spired her singing.

An old and quiet house set down
A windy field or two from town.

And a great cloud of lavender
All day with a small house set down.

Like a great cloud of lavender
And every road and every name in.

And every road and every name in
A great cloud of lavender.

And every road and every name in
A great cloud of lavender.

And every road and every name in
A great cloud of lavender.

And every road and every name in
A great cloud of lavender.

And every road and every name in
A great cloud of lavender.

And every road and every name in
A great cloud of lavender.

And every road and every name in
A great cloud of lavender.

And every road and every name in
A great cloud of lavender.

And every road and every name in
A great cloud of lavender.

And every road and every name in
A great cloud of lavender.

And every road and every name in
A great cloud of lavender.

There is a "Street Scene" with its wonderfully suggestive ending, but instead here is her quartrain, "Reserve", wherein Miss Reese gives an account of her own method.

Keep back the one word more,
Nor give of your whole store;
For, it may be in art's sole hour of need,
Lacking that word, you shall be poor indeed.

Louise Imogen Guiney is a deft American who has just missed coming off with her own generation and the generation following, although she had, it would seem, all the natural gifts which any poet might desire: sharp eyes for observation, a quick genius for surprising associations, a rich heritage of energetic words, a command of vigorous dashing rhythm. Yet with all these natural advantages she has failed to reach the ear of all save a very few, while one can name a dozen lesser people with incomparably less wealth who have so compounded their little worthiness that they have made themselves heard. The cause of Miss Guiney's failure is, perhaps, in her philosophy of self-control and self-denial and self-abasement, which may have been acceptable long ago in the antic England she admired, but which has even no meager acceptance in the Europeanized America of the twentieth century. There would appear to have been a rift in her own being, her cavalier dreams having been reduced to naught by rigorous puritan restraint which she also curiously idealized. Her imagination for all its firm

muscle seemed fated to abortion, for an admiration which she conceived for men of splendid action never came to fruition, in impulsive, indiscreet conduct or in an artistic creation of characters of the fiery spirit in which such deeds are done. Springing, perhaps, from her romantic admiration for her father, Colonel Patrick R. Guiney who died of wounds received upon the battle fields of the Civil War, her heroic excogitation became too like the day dreaming of the honest tradesman who reads nothing but crime stories and never violates a convention. Emily Bronte intrigued her, but she was not Emily Bronte; that has sealed the decree of her ostracism from the Parnassus of today. In the "Ode for a Master Mariner Ashore", Miss Guiney celebrates her own predicament.

Miss Guiney was quite properly a romantic; although her prudence and her hesitation, were always demanding understatement, precision, decorum--the classic virtues--her heart never questioned the value of romantic adventure. "The Poet's Chart" is a statement of her poetic creed, the creed of originality, individuality, uniqueness.

"Where shall I find my light?"

Turn from another's track:

Whether for gain or lack,

Love but thy natal right.

Cease to follow withal,

Though on thine up-led feet

Flakes of the phosphor fall.

Oracles over-heard

Are never again for thee,

Nor at a magian's knee

Under the hemlock tree,

Burns the illumining."

female seemed fitted to exhibit, for an exhibition which
she conceived for an of a kind action never was in
trivial, in-latitude, individual conduct or in an atti-
tude of character of the thing itself in which was
deeds are done. Perhaps, from her romantic ex-
pression for her father, Colonel Patrick H. Gaines who died
of wounds received upon the battle field of the Civil War,
her heroic exhortation passage too like the day dreaming of
the highest freedom and noble nobility but crime eternal
and never violated a convention. Daily wrote intrigued her
and she was not daily wrote; that her sealed the doors of
her entrance from the entrance of today. In the end for
a Master further shore, Miss Gaines celebrated her own
predominant.

Miss Gaines was quite properly a romantic; although
her presence and her assistance were always demands--
ing unobtrusively, precision, decorum--the classic virtues--
but never better questioned the value of romantic adventure.
"The Boat's Craft" is a statement of her poetic creed, the
ground of originality, individuality, uniqueness.

There shall I find my light?

Turn from another's track;
Shed for gain or lack,
Love not the usual right,
Gone to follow what,
Though an old up-land fast
Fishes of the anchor fall.
Gone over-land
Are never again for them,
Not at a woman's knee
Under the beech tree,
Beneath the lily-bell.

"Whence shall I take my law?"

"Neither from sires nor sons,
Nor the delivered ones,
Holy, invoked with awe.
Rather, dredge the divine
Out of thine own poor dust,
Feebly to speak and shine.
Schools shall be as they are:
Be thou truer, and stray
Alone, intent, and away,
In a savage wild to obey
Some dim primordial star."

Perhaps the most obvious election in her poetry is her acclamation of flaming courage and shining gallantry. The light of it illumines a dozen lyrics: "To One Who Would Not Spare Himself", "An Estray", "The Color-Bearer", "To Henry Howard Earl of Surry", "Beati Mortui", "A Foot-note to a Famous Lyric", and "Writ in My Lord Clarendon His History of the Rebellion".

How life hath cheapened, and how blank
The Worlde is! like a fen
Where long ago unstained sank
The starrie gentlemen:
Since Marston Moor and Newbury drank
King Charles his gentlemen.

If fate in any aire accords
What fate deny'd Oh then
I ask to be among your Swordes,
My joyous gentlemen;
Toward Honours heaven to goe, and towards
King Charles his gentlemen!

Her love for romance included a love for the precious preservation of it in later literature, as her enjoyment of Stevenson's writings and her great love for his character as well as her own practice indicate; a love fittingly enshrined in "A Valediction".

Next to her romantic joy in gallant deeds is her nostalgia for England which reminds one of the love one has for the land of his childhood from which he has been exiled for long years of stern necessity. This love for England wrote the Oxford and the London Sonnets, and "Sleep" where it becomes a symbol. This love wrote "In a City Street" wherein she revels even in the mud of London. But one feels after all that it is not the England of today she loves, but rather the by-gone England of heroic legend which was her every natal air.

In "Hylas" and "For Izaak Walton", and in many sonnets it is this Jacobian and Caroline country that her foot presses and her heart enfolds.

There is a hardness, a sparseness, a relentless refusal that springs from her puritanism. This great refusal she has recorded directly in her prose and in her poetry; in her matchless essay, "The Precept of Peace", and in the poems: "A Talisman", "Planting the Poplar", "Pascal", "An Outdoor Litany", which unlike the other poems is a fine passionate refusal as Pascal's and Donne's seems to have been, and hers usually was not. Too, in "The Kings" and "A Wild Ride" she renounces in a ringing riding rhythm that leaves the reader gasping, but too often the refusal was colorless in her poetry, lacking both the fire and the urbanity she admired. All her passions are dim, seeming often to lack earthy body, to become over

Next to her romantic life is her life as a writer. She has been for the last of her childhood years which she has been called for some years of adult life. This life for England wrote her Oxford and the London Review, and "Sleep" when it became a novel. This life wrote in a City Street" which she wrote even in the end of London. But one feels after all that it is not the end of today the love, but rather the to-day's end of her life which was not very different.

In "Sleep" and "The Little Girl", and in many other ways it is this Jacobson and Caroline country that her foot pressure and her heart outside.

There is a hardness, a sharpness, a resistance to these that springs from her position. This is not the love and her romantic life is not good and in her poetry; in her romantic life, "The Little Girl" and in the poem: "A Little Girl", "The Little Girl" and "The Little Girl", which define the other poems is a fine psychological record of her life and her love.

There is a hardness, and here we find the love. In "The Little Girl" and "A Little Girl" we find in a time of life that leaves the reader feeling, but too often the refusal was colorful in her poetry. Looking back the life and the urgency she felt. All her passion and her, feeling often to look at the body, to become over

Shelleyan. "Charista Musing" is a pale, Shelleyan ardor; "To an Ideal" is Shelleyan contemplation, "A Last Word on Shelley" is the expression of an admiration for what is real in Shelley but a thing about which she could only dream, for Miss Guiney having scorned the hard earth, had to content herself with the clouds only and the thin empyrean. Only once did she glimpse earthly love; in "The Two Irish Peasants". "Bedesfolk" and "Of Joan's Youth" are charming seventeenth century echoes.

Miss Guiney was a romantic, but she had a master, Vaughan the Silurist, to whom she paid tribute in a poem entitled "In a Brecon Valley", and he was a metaphysician whose precision approaches the classical. For one small sheaf in which her vision, her emotion, her diction and her rhythm fuse we shall remember her.

Anna Hempstead Branch

Another woman who had the misfortune to fall into this period of fine writing just as it was drawing to a close was Anna Hempstead Branch. Like all the authors of this time she has had scant praise, for she was not established as a celebrity when her fashion passed, and no poet could secure any praise who did not parade the ugly or the obscene for assumed sociological purpose or break with tradition for the sake of exploiting eccentricity. Miss Branch was born in New London, Connecticut, educated in the schools

Shelley. "Unhappy Shelley" is a poem, Shelley's error;
 "To an Ideal" is Shelley's contemplation, "A Last Word on
 Shelley" is the expression of an emotion for which is
 real in Shelley but a being about which was really only
 dream. For this being having become the last world, but
 to content herself with the only one and the only expression.
 only once did she glimpse something from the Two Irish
 "essence". "Essence" and "Of John's Youth" are observing
 eternally and eternally.

Miss Quin was a romantic, but she had a mother, Virginia
 in America, to show she paid tribute in a poem entitled
 "In a Green Valley", and as was a metaphysical poem pre-
 ceding approached the ideal. For one small thing in
 which her vision, her emotion, her action and her rhythm
 have we small remembrance her.

Anna Margaret Brennan

Another woman who had the misfortune to fall into the
 hands of the writer, just as it was driving to a close was
 Anna Margaret Brennan. Like all the authors of this time
 she had been praised, for she was not contented as a
 collector of the past but she was a poet, and she could be-
 come any praise she did not receive but only in the changes
 for a woman's emotional passage or dream with freedom
 for the sake of exploring essentially. Anna Brennan was
 born in New London, Connecticut, educated in the classics

of New London, at Smith College from which she graduated in 1897 and at the American Academy of Dramatic Art where she finished her course in 1900. Since that time she has engaged in settlement work in New York City. She won her first laurels as a poet in a contest opened to college graduates only and sponsored by Gilder of The Century in 1898. She has since contributed to the magazines and she has published three volumes, very precious, like those of Miss Reese, to sentimental old maids, the only people who have been audacious enough to reveal a liking for conventional romantic writing however excellent it might be. Her books are: Heart of the Road (1901), Shoes That Danced (1905), and Rose of the Wind (1910). These books contain short plays, lyrics, and narrative pieces, the latter sort enjoying the author's preference.

Her plays are the symbolist fantasies of the time. "The Shoes That Danced" presents the barren love of Watteau who paints his masterpiece upon the soles of the dancing slippers of a careless columbine of whom he is enamoured. She accepts his priceless gift, dances on the shoes of fantasy, and so the dreams of the great court painter committed to fragil satin are effaced in darkness and in dust. Dust has a fascination for Miss Branch; in another slighter play, "To Dust Returning" she forms the theme that life is essentially but a handful of dust. "Rose of the Wind", like "Peter Pan", "The Blue Bird", and "The Intruder", is an intensely serious moral fantasy wherein we learn that

of New London, at which College they were graduated in 1857 and at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts where she finished her course in 1860. Since that time she has engaged in dramatic work in New York City. She was not

first known as a poet in a contest opened in 1855

in which only one poem was accepted by either of the juries in 1858. She has since contributed to the magazine and she has published three volumes, very successful, like those of

Miss Keane, to which she has added, the only people

who have been successful enough to receive a living for con-

ventional dramatic writing, however excellent it might be.

Her books are: Hearts of the Road (1861), Shoes That Dance

(1863), and Hearts of the Road (1865). These books contain

short plays, lyrics, and other five pieces. The latter sort

enjoying the author's preference.

Her plays are one hundred and fifty of the kind.

"The Shoes That Dance" presents the author's view of the

and contains the metaphors upon the roles of the dramatic

efforts of a certain number of them as is presented.

the author's criticism of the drama in the whole of

the drama, and the drama of the drama, and the drama of

the drama, and the drama of the drama, and the drama of

the drama, and the drama of the drama, and the drama of

the drama, and the drama of the drama, and the drama of

the drama, and the drama of the drama, and the drama of

the drama, and the drama of the drama, and the drama of

the drama, and the drama of the drama, and the drama of

sorrow is the most beautiful thing in the world. Another slight play, "In a Vision of the Night", concerns itself with the world of dreams. The central idea is that a woman might, if a woman would. The lady dreams of her lover fantasies that fill her with joy and horror; the lover dreams of his lady fantasies that fill him with joy and horror. When the lover comes to confide in the lady his outrageous imaginings the spectator sees that the two dreams are identical and that they are the sort of thing one keeps to himself. The lady did not again dare to trust herself alone in the dark. These short plays are all sweet and reticent and beautiful, touching all experience with the pink of a romantic sunset. Lyrical dramas, set to dancy, singing meters, who will say they are not as valuable as the coarse, homely one-actors of the Provincetown O'Neill? And who can say that they do not record in as vivid and unforgettable a manner fundamental truth about human experience? That the second decade of the century preferred the brutal statement of O'Neill does not answer either query. Perhaps the world would be poorer if it missed either art; it would be unaccountably stupid to reject one merely because it enjoyed the other, for both have contributed to the repertoire of one-act plays pieces of a high order.

Miss Branch's lyrics are more ordinary. She is imitative, fond of the romantic lyrics of the nineteenth century.

correct in the most essential sense in the world. Another
 thing, "in a vision of the night," conscious itself
 with the world of things. The perfect idea is that a woman
 might, in a woman's world. The lady knows of her own
 fantasy that will not with any more; the lover
 dreams of his lady fantasy that will not with any more
 honor. When the lover comes to realize in the lady his
 outstretched imagination the separation seems that the two
 become are identical and that they are the sort of thing
 one keeps to himself. The lady has not again done so
 that herself alone in the dark. These short plays are all
 good and perfect and beautiful, showing all experience
 with the play of a cosmic world. Typical dramas, not
 to be seen, showing nature, and will say they are not as
 valuable as the course, hardly one-story of the Province-
 town O'Neil? And who can say that they are not good in
 as vivid and unforgettable a manner in dramatic form about
 some experience. That the second drama of the century
 presented the first statement of O'Neil's own art answer
 either party. Perhaps the world would be better if it
 almost without art; it would be unnecessarily stupid to re-
 port one merely because it enjoyed the other. The two have
 contributed to the reputation of one not alone place of a
 high order.

Miss Branch's fiction are more ordinary. She is later-
 live, fond of the romantic fiction of the nineteenth century.

One hears echoes of the poets she loved: Rossetti perhaps most frequently, Keats, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Tennyson, Lanier, Francis Thompson, and Coventry Patmore. Here lyrics are usually too long for quotation, and enumeration is well nigh useless. Sometimes she is Elizabethan, as in "Ladies Fair" and "Grieve not Ladies". Sometimes she is Victorian as in "The Madonna of the Earth". "To a New York Shop Girl", interpreting in gay tetrameters the gaudy charms of the working girl, has a modern tone. "Under the Trees" reminds one of Miss Millay's "Renaissance" and Thompson's "Hymn", having the piercing religious faith of the seventeenth century and the lyric abandon of the sixteenth. "Eve's Song" is a fine love lyric with quaint precious diction, queer twisted sentences, and a breathless panting rhythm that are unforgettable. The turn of her interest toward the seventeenth century is most significant, for it represents an affinity which is growing among readers and writers alike. "The Puritan" is a cry against the purse rotundity of contemporary protestantism and a shout of praise for the hard angularity of the old Puritans. "Ere the Golden Bowl is Broken" is an extended metaphor, a thoughtful lyric in the metaphysical manner. "To an Enemy", another poem of ideas yields some lovely stanzas:

I saw thee once. I shall know thee ever.
 Beyond the frantic mesh
 Of thy wild sorrowing flesh, lyrical, graceful decorous.
 Oh, thou wert beautiful!
 Let me be dutiful
 To thy high spirit.
 Knowing thee great and wise
 Let me inherit
 All the calm paradise
 Hidden behind thine eyes.

One more school of the poets was noted: Rossetti perhaps
most frequently, Keats, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Tennyson,
Latter, Francis Thompson, and Coventry Patmore. Here lyrics
are usually too long for quotation, and summarization is well
nigh useless. Sometimes the is Elizabethan, as in "Lullaby"
and "Wilt thou be mine". Sometimes the is Victorian
as in "The Madonna of the Earth", "To a New York Ship Girl",
interesting in gay burlesque the early charm of the
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tury and the lyric abandon of the eighteenth. "Eve's Song"
is a fine love lyric with quaint precious diction, great
twisted sentences, and a breathless penting rhythm that are
unforgettable. The turn of her interest toward the seven-
teenth century is most significant, for it represents an
activity which is growing among readers and writers alike.
"The Turtledove" is a cry against the petty cowardly of con-
temporary protestation and a shout of praise for the hard
courage of the old turtledove. "Mrs. the Golden Bowl" is
broken" is an extended metaphor, a thoughtful lyric in the
metaphysical manner. "To an Empty", another poem of 1888
shows some fairly obvious:

I saw them once. I shall know them ever.
Beyond the twilight
Of day with morning light,
Oh, how were beautiful!
Let me be beautiful
To thy eyes again.
Knowing thee great and wise
Let me be beautiful
All the same because
Hidden behind mine eyes.

Beauty in many a secret place
 I will make for thee.
 Because I saw thy face
 I will manifest thy grace
 And thou shalt be
 A visible splendor on the earth,
 A festival of mirth.

"The Monk in the Kitchen" is perhaps her finest lyric; it is a poem in praise of order, of design of clearness, having a scantiness, an intensity about it that commends it to the present generation that praises those qualities which it missed in its immediate predecessors.

The poem opens:

Order is a lovely thing
 On disarray it lays its wing,
 Teaching simplicity to sing.
 It has a meek and lowly grace,
 Quiet as a nun's face
 Lo! I will have thee in this place!
 Tranquil well of deep delight,
 Transparent as the water, bright--
 All things that shine through thee appear
 As stories through water sweetly clear.

It praises the "shape" and the "polish" of "iron pot and brazen pan", symbols of spiritual design and spiritual cleanness. "To Nature", Wordsworthian in its simplicity, and "A Sonnet to the Earth" celebrate again her tenacious anchorage in common things which has been her salvation, as is the swifter quartrain, "Clod of the Earth".

Clod of the earth, that hardly knows
 How the warm sun comes or the cold rain goes,
 That lieth dumb and bleak and bare,
 It was thy thought begat the rose.

Miss Branch is always competent as a lyricist, graceful decorative, sentimental, but she rarely obtains that intense passion

I will make for me
 I will make for me
 I will make for me
 I will make for me
 I will make for me
 I will make for me
 I will make for me
 I will make for me

The book is the "Kitchen" is perhaps the most typical
 in a sense in terms of order, of design of elements, having
 a tendency, an intensity about it that commands it to be
 a certain function that arises from within which it
 places in the immediate presence.

The book is the

Order is a lovely thing
 On the way it is the way
 It is a way and lowly grace
 It is a way and lowly grace
 It is a way and lowly grace
 It is a way and lowly grace
 It is a way and lowly grace
 It is a way and lowly grace

It is the "Kitchen" and the "Kitchen" of the "Kitchen" and
 the "Kitchen" of the "Kitchen" and the "Kitchen" of the "Kitchen"
 "To the Kitchen" is the "Kitchen" and the "Kitchen" of the "Kitchen"
 to the "Kitchen" is the "Kitchen" and the "Kitchen" of the "Kitchen"
 and the "Kitchen" is the "Kitchen" and the "Kitchen" of the "Kitchen"
 "To the Kitchen" is the "Kitchen" and the "Kitchen" of the "Kitchen"
 to the "Kitchen" is the "Kitchen" and the "Kitchen" of the "Kitchen"
 and the "Kitchen" is the "Kitchen" and the "Kitchen" of the "Kitchen"

God of the earth, that is the earth
 Now the earth is the earth of the earth
 That is the earth and the earth
 It is the earth and the earth

Miss Branch is always consistent as a writer, and the
 five, consistently, and the earth is the earth

that makes great lyric poetry catch the ear and grip the heart of the reader. There are times when she does this, and for these few perfect things she is likely to out-shine most of her contemporaries.

Miss Branch has written several narrative poems, which she herself prefers to her other types. These are short pieces that move with the swiftness of the old ballads, which she has obviously studied: "The Warrior Maid" and "Connecticut Road Song". "The Wedding Feast" is a ballad after the manner of Coleridge and Rossetti in clean diction, deft metric and bright rime, depicting in vivid metaphor the triumph of the soul over the body. "Selene" is a romantic recollection of classical matters recording the disastrous adoration of a dream. "Nimrod," her most ambitious poem is an epic in splendid blank verse presenting Nimrod's rebellion against God and the dire confusion resulting therefrom. As Milton sympathized with Satan, Miss Branch sympathizes with Nimrod although she recognizes that he is in the wrong. Mr. Kreyborg, who is naturally partial to the romantic poet, regards this epic of some two thousand lines as the finest narrative in American poetry.⁽¹⁾ It would seem that he was carried away by his enthusiasm. "Nimrod" is a skilful piece of complete imitation in which material, supporting idea, vitalizing emotion, and poetic method gain their sanction from the domination of antiquity. The story

(1) Our Singing Strength, p. 263 ff.

is from the Bible; the religious ideas are as old as the protestant reformation; the emotion is that of the middle ages; the method is that of the classical epic. Its whole virtue is in its fidelity to what has already been done before. It might be compared to Arnold's "Sorab and Rustum", a poem in which Arnold had attained excellence by the same devices but in which he more closely approached to the classical mean, never overstepped that nice decorum. Sometimes Miss Branch, like old William Brown of Tavistock, goes on and on. From the record of that high and haughty hero, one cannot quote. There are fine memorable lines:

"Then that bright sea of plunging radiance
Ebb'd back to silence and eternal calm."

"But its huge bulk like a boulder cast
In the eternal idiocy of stone."

There are memorable phrases: "the naked deed". "lucid firmaments of thought". Here is a poem, written when T. S. Eliot was in short-clothes, presenting chaos without comment. "Waste Land" is angry and bitter; "Nimrod" is serene. With all its defects it is a great poem. Her significance in the light of her present day admiration rests probably upon the fact that she has chosen to write from ancient models, that she is content to imitate.

Josephine Preston Peabody

Another woman of this period, charming in person and famous in her time, perhaps because her many friends and

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to the classical ideal, never oversteering that line de-
cidedly. Sometimes like Browning, like old William Green of
Twickenham, goes on and on. From the records of that high
and mighty hero, one cannot argue. There are three men-

entire lines:

"Then that bright sea of glowing radiance
Spaced back to silence and eternal calm."
"Set the huge bulk like a ponderous mass
In the eternal labyrinth of space."

There are several phrases: "The narrow dead", "I said
Lamentations of thought". Here is a poem, written when
T. S. Eliot was in short-circuit, presenting a scene without
comment. "Leave him" is empty and bitter; "Wishes" is
serene. With all the defects it is a great poem. Her ex-
cellence is the light of her present day education rests
probably on the fact that she has chosen to write from
ancient models, that she is content to imitate.

Josephine Preston Peck

Another woman of this period, certainly in person and
famous in her class, whose name has many friends and

acquaintances found it impossible not to transfer that personal charm to her poems, was Josephine Preston Peabody, the wife of Professor Lionel Marks of Harvard. Her well-mannered lyrics were popular in her life time, winning the praise of Dobson, Swinburne and Alice Meynell. At first vague and literary, they gained in simplicity and directness, but they remained distant, aloof, passionless. They will not bear comparison with those of Miss Reese or Miss Branch or Miss Crapsey. She wrote several excellent short-plays, literary, aesthetic, like those of Miss Branch which are bound to survive because they are excellent plays.

"Fortune and Men's Eyes", the first of her published plays, is an attempt to imagine a probable interpretation of the assumed biographical implications of Shakespeare's sonnets. The play is done in Elizabethan diction patterned into blank verse. "Marlowe", her next play, founded on the life of the old dramatist, is a study of spiritual conflict ending in disaster. "Wings", dramatically effective and charmingly written, also deals with old England. "The Piper", a new version of the medieval story made famous by Browning, awarded the Stratford Prize in 1910, is her best known play. "The Wolf of Gubbio", a picturesque drama dealing with St. Francis of Assisi is moving and lovely, giving form to her desire to see human happiness prevail in the world. "Poetic plays", says Abbie Farwell Brown, "calling for especial talents of delivery; romantic themes, historic or legendary

circumstances found it impossible not to consider that
 personal charm to her poems, was something greater than
 the wife of Professor Lionel Mack of Harvard. Her well-
 mannered lyrics were popular in her time, winning the
 praise of Dobson, Swinburne and Alice Keble. At first
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 ness, but they remained distant, aloof, pastoral. They
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 plays", says Auble Gerrell Brown, "calling for essential
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characters, demanding unusual imagination from the audience; costume parts, symbolic settings--all these are practically taboo at this time and have been so for the past years of her most vigorous endeavor. Yet she clung bravely to her ways, never doubting that they were good ways." (1) Traditional in form her plays accord in spirit with the eager, forward looking spirit of the decade in which she wrote.

English Metrie Out of your cage,
Come out of your cage,
And take your soul on a pilgrimage!
Peas in your shoes, an if you must!
But out and away before you're dust!
Scribe and Stay-at-home
Saint and Sage,
Out of your cage,
Out of your cage!

Adelaide Crapsey

Another woman who belongs to the very end of this period and at the beginning of the poetic renaissance that opened with the founding of Poetry, A Magazine of Verse by Harriet Monroe, with the publication of the Lyric Year which introduced Edna St. Vincent Millay, with Robert Frost's first volume, A Boy's Will, and with other perhaps equally notable beginnings, and who was also an experimenter of daring and finesse within the limits of meter, and, like Trumbull Stickney a great minor poet, was Adelaide Crapsey. Miss Crapsey was born in 1878 in Rochester, New York, educated at Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wisconsin, and at Vassar

(1) New York Times Book Review

character, demanding unusual imagination from the audience; constant parts, symbolic settings--all these are practically taboo at this time and have been so for the past years of her most vigorous endeavor. Yet she clung bravely to her ways, never doubting that they were good ways. (1) Truly, it is from her place accord in spirit with the career, forward looking spirit of the decade in which she wrote.

Out of your cage,
Come out of your cage,
And take your seat on a pilgrimage!
Here in your shoes, as if you meant!
But out and away before you're dead!
Scissors and Stays--
Hail and take,
Out of your cage,
Out of your cage!

Adelaide Crapsey

Another woman who belongs to the very end of this period and at the beginning of the poetic renaissance that opened with the founding of poetry. A Masterpiece of Verse by Harriet Monroe, with the collaboration of the Lyric Year which introduced Edna St. Vincent Millay, with Robert Frost's first volume, A Boy's Will, and with other perhaps usually notable beginnings, and who was also an experimenter of daring and fineness within the limits of meter, and, like Franklin Stimson a great minor poet, see Adelaide Crapsey. Miss Crapsey was born in 1878 in Rochester, New York, and died at Knappton, Kansas, December, and at present

College from which she graduated in 1901. She then returned to Kemper Hall to teach English and history. In 1905 she went abroad to study archeology in Rome. When she returned she resumed teaching at a preparatory school in Stamford, Connecticut, but her uncertain health forced her to retire two years later, and she spent the next two years in Italy and England working upon An Analysis of English Metrics. In 1911 she returned to America to become instructor in poetics in Smith. Two years later her health again failed and she was forced to give up both her teaching and her scientific studies in English metric. She went to Sarnac Lake for her last year where she wrote, edited and arranged her only book of poems, which was issued after her tragic death in 1914 by her friend, Claude Bragdon. Verse is destined to be one of the most precious books in the whole range of American poetry. "In sheer perfection of artistry," says Mr. Kreymborg, "no American poet has ever surpassed Miss Crapsey," and in the end "sheer artistry" (1) will tell. But this is not the whole story, for the material of these poems is the very essence of common human experience at moments of intensest emotional realization.

Verse, designed as a funeral monument, excludes rigorously all the lighter verse of her earlier, happier years;

(1) Our Singing Strength, p. 482

following three years was graduated in 1901. The year 1901
 turned to Kasper Wolf to teach English and History. In
 1902 she went abroad to study archeology in Rome. When
 she returned she resumed teaching at a preparatory school
 in Hartford, Connecticut, but her health was still poor
 and in 1903 she went to New York City, and was again the same
 year in Italy, and England working upon the subject of
 English literature. In 1904 she returned to America to be-
 come instructor in poetry in English. Two years later her
 health again failed and she was forced to give up both her
 teaching and her scientific studies in English literature. She
 went to Europe late for her last year work and wrote
 several well attended but only book of poems, which was issued
 after her tragic death in 1914 by her friend, Gladys Steg-
 son. Yarns is destined to be one of the most welcome
 contributions to the whole world of American poetry. "In what
 perfection of poetry," says Mr. Brewster, "no American
 poet has ever surpassed Miss Yarns," and in the end
 "poetry" (II) will tell. But this is not the whole
 story, for the material of these poems is the very essence
 of modern human experience at moments of intense emotional
 realization.

Yarns, destined as a formal statement, excludes there-
 fore all the lighter verse of her earlier, happier years;

it is the record of a heart strained almost to utter wrack by the intensity of mortal combat. There are two exultant odes in the free metric of Mathew Arnold and W. E. Henley, celebrating the birth of desire and its natural consummation in the ecstasy of motherhood, odes composed nine years previously when joy was real. There is the "Cry of the Nymph to Eros", composed in the year of bitterness by the dry river of despair, recording the equally poignant ecstasy of horror:

Hear thou my lamentation,
Eros, Aphrodite's son!
My heart is broken and my days are done.

She wrote a lyric in blank verse to the "Dead in the Graveyard Underneath My Window", an exasperated ode to the roots in "Trudeau's Garden", which lie so still, and she flashes in her resentment;

Recumbent as you other must I too,
Submit? Be mimic of your movelessness
With pillow and counterpane for stone and sod?
And if the many sayings of the wise
Teach of submission I will not submit
But will a spirit all unreconciled
Flash an unquenched defiance to the stars.
Better it is to walk, to run, to dance,
Better it is to laugh and leap and sing,
To know the open skip of dawn and night,
To move untrameled down the flaming noon,
And I will clamour it through weary days
Keeping the edge of deprivation sharp,
Nor with the pliant speaking on my lips
Of resignations, sister to defeat.
I will not be patient, I will not lie still.

These are perfect Greek quartrains. "Expense" done in London in 1910 is ironically slipped into the funeral urn:

Three silent things:
The falling snow... the hour
Before the dawn... the mouth of one
Just dead.

it is the record of a heart strained almost to utter words
 by the intensity of mortal combat. There are two excellent
 ones in the first series of Walter Arnold and W. A. Dingley.
 celebrating the birth of America and the national anthem.
 Then in the series of motherhood, what wonderful nine years
 previously when joy was real. There is the "City of the
 Future to come", composed in the year of bitterness by the
 City river of despair, recording the equally poignant agony
 of horror:

But from my lamentation,
 From Aphrodite's son!
 My heart is broken and my days are done.

She wrote a lyric in blank verse for the "Land in the distance"
 and underneath "My Window", an exasperated ode to the world
 in "Treadwell's Garden", which life is still, and she finished
 in her retirement:

Reverent as you often must I feel,
 Submit to the mind of your novelness
 With all its counterpane for stone and wood
 And all the many regions of the wide
 Town of confusion I will not rebel
 But with a spirit all untrammelled
 Flies an untrammelled defiance to the stars.
 Better it is to walk, to run, to dance,
 Better it is to laugh and leap and sing,
 To know the open sky of dawn and night,
 To move untrammelled down the flaming noon,
 And I will dance it through weary days
 Keeping the pace of destruction sharp,
 Not with the faint speaking on my lips
 Of resignation, either to defeat.
 I will not be patient, I will not be still.

These are perfect Greek parables. "Expense" none in fact.
 And in 1910 is ironically slipped into the funeral urn:

Little my lacking fortunes show
 For this to eat and that to wear;
 Yet laughing, Soul, and gaily go!
 An obol pays the Stygian fare.

There are perfect lyrics; "O Lady", "Let the Sad Tears Fall",
 "Dirge", song beginning "I make my shroud," and "The Lonely
 Death":

In the cold I will rise, I will bathe
 In waters of ice; myself
 Will shiver and shrive myself,
 Alone in the dawn, and anoint
 Forehead and feet and hands;
 I will shutter the windows from light,
 I will place in their sockets the four
 Tall candles and set them aflame
 In the grey of the dawn; and myself
 Will lay myself straight in my bed.
 And draw the sheet under my chin.

Miss Crapsey created the cinquain, a five-line stanza
 in a three time rising rhythm, with two syllables in the
 first line, four in the second, six in the third, eight in
 the fourth, two in the fifth. These little poems are fine
 examples of structural design in which the meaning moves in
 perfect consonance with the structural rhythm. They are
 more nearly like the Japanese Hokku than any strictly English
 stanza. "Release" is an example of this form used for a
 gesture at once strong and splendid:

With swift
 Great sweep of her
 Magnificent arm my pain
 Clanged back the door that shut my soul
 From life.

"Trial" is utter quiet:

These be
 Three silent things:
 The falling snow...the hour
 Before the dawn...the mouth of one
 Just dead.

Little my lacking fortune knew
 For I to eat and that to want;
 Yet longing, still, and gaily too,
 An owl pays the Egyptian fare.

There are perfect lyrics; "O Lady," "Let the Red Tears Fall."

"Dance," some beginning "I make my prayer," and "The Lonely"

Best:

In the gold I will rise, I will bathe
 In waters of life; myself
 Will deliver and revive myself,
 Alone in the dawn, and another
 Forehead and feet and hands;
 I will shutter the window from light,
 I will place in their sockets the four
 Tall candles and set their flames
 In the grey of the dawn; and myself
 Will lay myself straight in my bed.
 And draw the sheet under my chin

Miss Gregory created the classical, a five-line stanza

in a three line rhythmic rhythm, with two syllables in the
 first line, four in the second, six in the third, eight in
 the fourth, two in the fifth. These little poems are fine
 examples of structural design in which the meaning moves in
 perfect consonance with the structural rhythm. They are
 more nearly like the Japanese haiku than any strictly English
 poems. "Kiln" is an example of this form used for a
 picture of a once strong and splendid;

With swift
 Great sweep of ear
 Magnificent and my pain
 Changed back the hour that sent my soul
 From life.

"Tide" is better still:

These be
 Three silent things:
 The falling snow... the door
 Before the dawn... the mouth of one
 Just dead.

There are several examples of sharp images used as symbols:

Night Winds

The old
Old winds that blew
When chaos was, what do
They tell the clattered trees that I
Should weep?

The Warning

Just now
Out of the strange
Still dusk...as strange, as still
A white moth flew. Why am I grown
So cold?

This extremely intense lyric utterance reminds one of Emily Dickinson's quatrains; in the comparison, moreover, Miss Crapsey's art stands clearly above Miss Dickinson's. Little of her writing has been published, and probably there is little to come. She died at the age of thirty-six and her brief life had been given insistently to study and teaching, so that her fame will probably rest on the forty-eight golden leaves that make up their record of sorrow. She herself accepted this in "Fate Defied":

As it
Were tissue of silver
I'll wear, O fate, thy grey,
And go mistily radiant, clad
Like the moon.

SUMMARY

As one surveys the poetry of the thirty or forty years preceding the poetic renaissance of 1912 to 1916, one perceives the broad strong current of Anglo-American poetic

tradition in which moved the majority of those who gave themselves to the pursuit of letters, modified by a few streams of innovation most of which were due to the influences which made the poet Whitman, or which had their origin in his vital personality. The stream of poetic tradition flowing from the remote past of English history, bearing within it the wealth of centuries had been enriched by the work of a generation of great Americans including Poe, Lanier, Emerson, and a score of lesser men who do not by that comparison become insignificant; Whitman himself had in the very nature of things become a part of it although he did not appear to blend with it and did not in his day seem in anyway to have modified it. The minor poets, if one will have them so, of the years that followed made a channel through which that stream might flow if they did not modify its course or enrich its quality.

Father John B. Tabb, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Richard Watson Gilder, Edward Rowland Sill, Emily Dickinson, Richard Hovey, William Vaughan Moody, George Santayana, Trumbull Stickney, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Louise Imogen Guiney, Anna Hempstead Branch and Adelaide Crapsey are poets of distinction, although their range be narrow and the bulk of their work be small; and they were all distinctly traditional poets, aware that the culture which lived in them and found momentary expression in their writings was a river that had its springs in a

Cummings, Milley, and Ransome.

tradition in which we find the majority of cases are based
 themselves on the authority of tradition, modified by a few
 instances of imagination most of which were due to the in-
 fluence which made the poet himself, or which had their
 origin in his mind personally. The system of poetry
 tradition flowing from the poetic mind of English history.
 bearing within it the weight of centuries has been en-
 riched by the work of a generation of great historians in-
 cluding too, Butler, Keats, and a host of lesser men
 who are not of that generation because they lived; but
 who himself lived in the very nature of things because a part
 of it changed no old and never to them with it and the
 not in his day was in any way to have modified it. The
 minor poets, it can well be said, of our time that
 followed made a channel beyond which their efforts might
 flow is hard and not easily the source of which the quality
 of their work is less, Edward Elgar, Thomas
 Selous, Michael, Michael, Michael, Michael, Michael, Michael, Michael,
 Emily, Elizabeth, Richard, Henry, William, William, Henry,
 George, George, George, George, George, George, George, George,
 Robert, Robert, Robert, Robert, Robert, Robert, Robert, Robert,
 Adeline, George, and George, and George, and George, and George,
 range of matter and the style of their work is small; but
 they were all absolutely traditional poets, none of the
 culture which lived in them and found something to express
 in their writing was a river that had its source in a

remote past and that it brought them wealth of incalculable value. They have been underestimated by a generation out of sympathy with them in little ways, for in spite of the fact that they have been unceremoniously ignored, they have become a vital power in the works of the more conservative poets of the second decade in the twentieth century, and in the third decade that older tradition appears to be gaining in the extent of its influence until it is all but universal. Walt Whitman, Adah Isaacs Menken, Stephen Crane, the experimenters in prose poems, even the popular local-color poets, have modified in notable ways the quality of the poetic heritage. These daring innovators have altered the public taste, and made possible the varied experimentation in poetic form by imagists and others which attracted so much attention because of its eccentric novelty. Indeed James Boyd, in an amusing article, stimulating as well as misleading, published in the American Mercury in 1925, regards Whitman as "the father of them all", the black cloud out of which poured "that great deluge of Futurism, Dadaism, Ultraism, and Super-Realism beneath which modern literature is submerged", all the eccentric decadent poetry and all the esoteric criticism of our waste land of today, all of our post-war obscurantism. Here in the poetry of the eighties and the nineties and the early nineteen hundreds is the fertile seed which was to blossom in the work of poets as dissimilar as Robinson, Sandburg, Pound, Frost, Cummings, Millay, and Ransome.

These points are that it is a form of literature
 which has been characterized as a form of
 of sympathy with the little people. For in spite of the
 fact that they have been unconsciously ignored, they
 have become a vital force in the work of the more
 serious writers of the present decade in the English lan-
 guage, and in the third decade that higher tradition appears
 to be coming to the extent of the last decade until it is
 all but universal. It is, indeed, Adam Smith's theory
 which traces the experimental to great success, even the
 regular form-color poetry, have modified in various ways
 the quality of the poetic heritage. These during the
 years have altered the poetic taste, and made possible the
 varied experimentation in poetic form of the English and other
 which attempted to reach attention because of its aesthetic
 novelty. Indeed James Boyd, in an extensive article, "The
 history as well as the literature," published in the *American*
Review in 1935, regards Whitman as "the father of modern
 the whole along out of which grew the new style of
 Whitman, Pound, Eliot, and other modern poets who
 modern literature is indebted to all the aesthetic decisions
 poetry and all the aesthetic criticism of our western world of
 today. All of our most important literature, here in the poetry
 of the English and the American and the early nineteenth
 century is the result of the new way of thinking in the work
 of poets as Whitman, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Frost,
 Quincey, Milnes, and Browning.

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